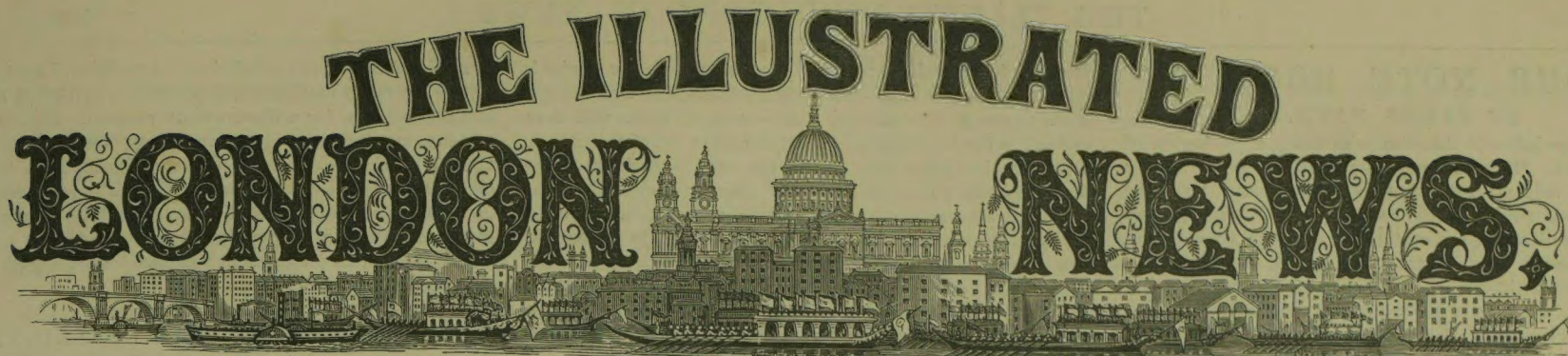


# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

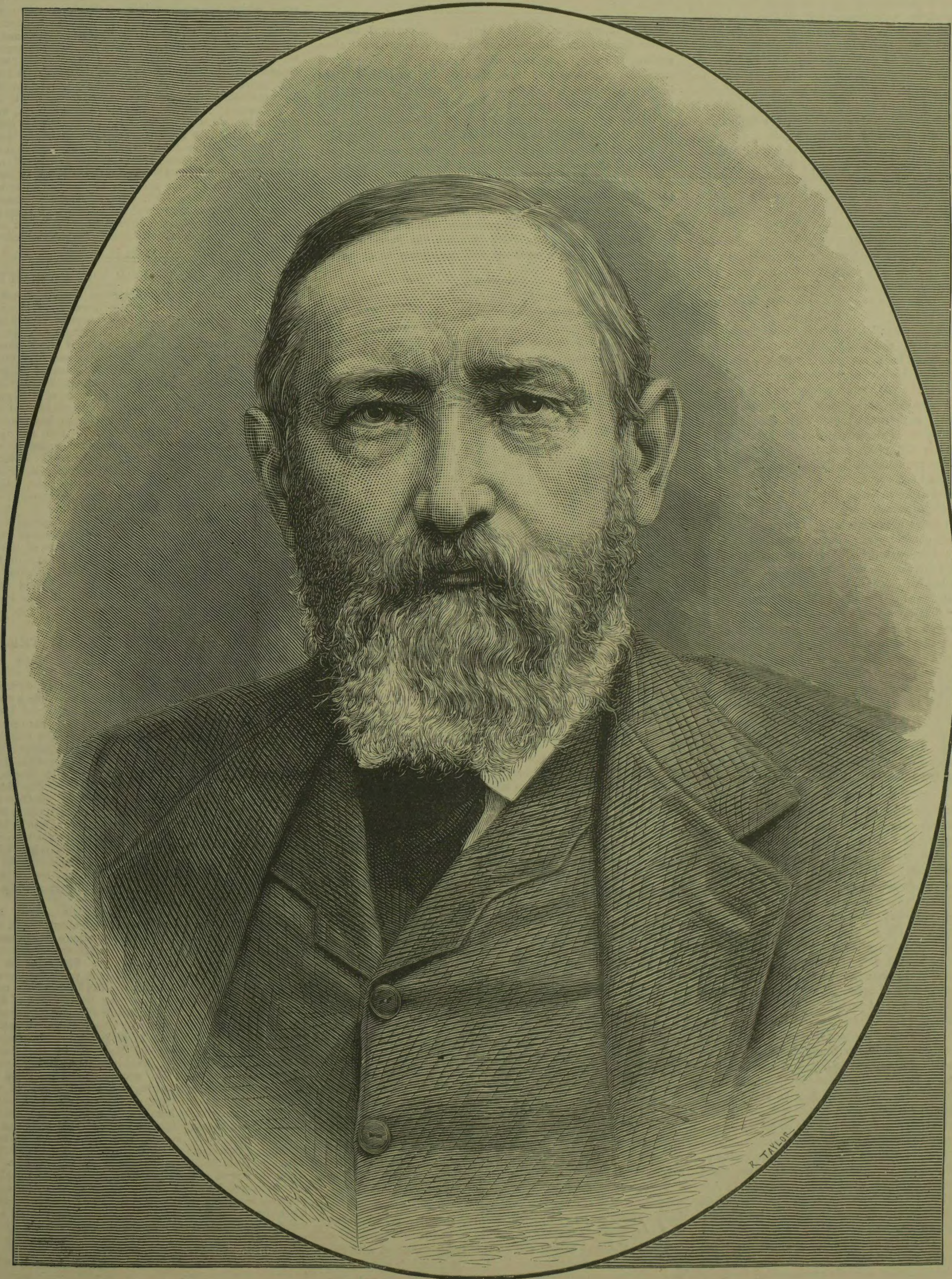


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THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, GENERAL HARRISON.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There are three ladies in America who make a profession of teaching whist. If there were but a fourth—for one cannot imagine any lady playing “dummy”—they would form the most charming rubber in the world. But of course these blessings to civilisation are scattered over the United States, like missionaries: only, instead of forming congregations, they “establish whist-centres.” I hope also they have another institution in common with missionary enterprise—that of “making a collection”; for the labourer in every field is worthy of his hire. We learn from the *Milwaukee Sentinel* that that town rejoices in the presence of the most eminent of these three lady professors. The Milwaukee young women, of whom no less than 193 are or have been her pupils, are as distinguished in this branch of science as are our own Girton and Newnham girls in other branches. Their “head”—to use the term employed in “The Princess” for the lady who occupied a somewhat similar position—has written treatises on whist, we are told, “for several railroad companies for issuance in book form.” It would therefore seem that these students are so eager to attain proficiency that they even play in the trains. This is diligence indeed; and it is humiliating to reflect that if they followed this wholesome and delightful pursuit in our own country, they might be taken up, under a bye-law, and prosecuted as card-sharpers. I noticed, only last week, an indignant letter from some morose traveller on the Brighton railway demanding to know why this law was not enforced, and the whist-players—the spectacle of whose simple enjoyment had stirred his bile—were not thrown into dungeons. But in Milwaukee—rather a faster place, one would think, than its name suggests—there is Liberty, though no license (unless I have been misinformed) for spirituous liquors. What I would like to read, even more than this professor's treatises, would be her educational experiences.

I have tried to teach young ladies whist myself—of course I played (and I venture to hope there was reciprocity in the ‘stake’) for love—but with rather unsuccessful results. They did not say, as I once heard a well-known philosopher observe, when compelled to make up a rubber—“I protest, at starting, against any inference being drawn by my partner from any card I may happen to play;” but it was evidently on that understanding that they proceeded. Unlike him, however, they always professed to know the game: “We are not scientific players, you know, as we want to become; but we have family whist at home.” “Do your people play the penultimate?” I once inquired of one of them. “Not that I know of,” she answered (very sweetly, but with some of that “amazement” which is so deprecated in the marriage service). “Sophie plays the piano, and Julia the harp; but none of us play the penultimate.” It was one of my chief difficulties that I could not prevent my pupils' thoughts from straying from the matter in hand into distant spheres. I could never make them perceive the conventional invitation for trumps. “You didn't notice my ask-for-trumps?” I would sometimes delicately observe, when all had been lost through that neglect. My fair partners would only smile (which, however, I need not say was recompense enough for me) and shake their pretty heads: one of them replied, “I never heard you.” My best pupil used to boast that she could “always see a ‘picture-peter’;” but she couldn't. As for asking for trumps themselves, to give you an idea of how they grasped the meaning of it—not that they were stupid (they were as sharp as needles, only some other magnet than the game of whist was always attracting them)—one of them once said to me, “Why should I have asked; I had plenty of them?” In Milwaukee—whose whist club is, we are told, the largest in the West—its lady professor may not have had these difficulties to overcome; or, as is very probable, she was much sharper with her pupils than I ever dared, or wished, to be; but her experience with them would be very interesting, and, for once, a novel contribution to the great female educational movement.

“Justice to Jurymen” would not be a bad cry to go to the country with—and also the town. There is, very properly, much sympathy expressed for the unemployed, but very little for this unhappy class, who are employed but don't want to be. They are summoned in the most violent and offensive terms that the Law can devise, though (because in this case she is not paid for tediousness) in unusually curt ones, and with a vague threat (“whereof fail not”) to conclude with. The affair is so managed that the greatest possible inconvenience is inflicted; there is no name on the summons to indicate to whom you are to state that you are dangerously ill, while “personal attendance” to explain your reason for exemption to the Court is absolutely insisted upon. If one had an infectious disorder, it would be a great temptation to accede to this proposal, and “give it” the Court. If you do go, you are hustled by ushers, and kept “cooling your heels,” and much more delicate portions of your frame, in draughts, and told “to wait,” or that you are not wanted to-day, but must come to-morrow, and all this with an impertinence of manner that only belongs (with the exception, perhaps, of an underling in a Government office) to a myrmidon of the law. If, on the other hand, you are one of the Elect, you have by no means the great advantages ascribed to persons in that condition. You will be shut up in a box without a lid to it, and have, perhaps, to listen for many days to arguments about the right of way through some moor or wood, where nobody in his senses, one would think, would ever want to go, and in which it is impossible to take the faintest interest—and all for twenty-one shillings by way of recompense. The jury system may be a necessity, for all I know; but the victims who are sacrificed to it, and are the only persons concerned, from the Judge to the doorkeeper, who are not decently remunerated for their services, should at least be treated with civility and shielded from discomfort. It is not a personal matter, for, thank Heaven! I have an infirmity which releases me from this obligation; I am

pleading for my fellow-creatures to whom this public service is made so abhorrent that—worse than soldiers who maim themselves to escape the military yoke—some of them will even pretend to have neither creed nor morals in order to evade it. And now—last grain that breaks the camel's back—a Judge has decreed that the consolations of literature (even throughout a right-of-way case) must be denied to jurymen. Once in the box, they are to be spared not one syllable of forensic eloquence—the opening of the counsel, the contests between himself and his learned friend on the other side, the badgering of the witnesses, the summing-up of the Judge. To look at a newspaper is pronounced to be contempt of Court. Well, perhaps there is something to be said against newspapers: the newspaper has speeches in it, and may produce somnolency; but would there be any harm in a jurymen who is getting vertigo from a right-of-way case, to refresh himself with a pocket novel and then to vote with his foreman or the majority, whichever seems to promise the quickest way out of his trouble? I notice—if I may say as much without disrespect to any Commission, Parliamentary or otherwise—that when Judges themselves have to act as jurymen they don't seem to like it.

A great poet has told us that in his boyhood he was under the mistaken impression that the tree-tops were “close against the sky,” and that when he came to maturity “it gave him little joy” to know that he was farther off from heaven than when he was a boy. It ought (by analogy) to give general satisfaction that the sun has been discovered to be nearer us than we thought it was. By establishing ten stations of observation in the United States, and taking 1472 photographs of the transit of Venus, an American astronomer has found that the parallax is 8847 minutes. She must go much faster than a mile a minute, since the total result of our distance from the great luminary is thus proved to be 92,385,000 miles. Previous British calculation added erroneously 130,000 miles to these figures—a circumstance which was, no doubt, made use of in the late Irish vote for the Presidency, as evidencing our desire to keep the democracy as much as possible in the dark.

In these days of doubt as to the failure or success of marriage, a late matrimonial event at Barnet between two “parties” of an age to know their own minds and with a prolonged experience of the subject in question, has a peculiar attraction and significance. The proportion of their years to one another was exactly what is recommended by the highest authorities, the gentleman being seventy-six and the lady seventy-one; and notwithstanding that they had been dependent on one another's society for half their lifetime they had never complained of ennui at home. On the other hand, they had applied for and obtained “out-door relief,” which was the cause of their interesting case being made public. This grant in aid was objected to by certain of the parish guardians, on account of their never having been bound together by what an eloquent female writer has termed “the golden chain of matrimonial slavery,” with which it was therefore decided they should be, even thus tardily, at once united. As they were unhappily without the means of giving the usual déjeuner, or even providing one for themselves, one of the workhouse authorities kindly undertook to supply a wedding-cake, and another provided a carriage and pair (let us hope with favours) to transport the happy pair to church. An immense congregation witnessed the ceremony, which went off without a hitch save for the absence of a ring, which was, however, ingeniously furnished from a pew curtain. The result of this somewhat unusual alliance will be watched by all those interested in this much-debated question with curiosity. Whatever happens amiss can, at least, never be set down to the ordinary causes of recklessness and precipitancy, or disregard of the advice of friends.

The *Spectator* has a correspondent in New Zealand who sends it a charming anecdote this week of a young Maori's sacrifice to vanity. Someone had given him a pair of boots: but finding them too short, and being unable to force them on, he sliced off his big toes with a hatchet, to harmonise with the length of the other ones, applied some juice of the flax plant (*Phormium tenax*)—the giving the botanical name strikes one as a very pretty touch in such a story—to stop the bleeding, and wore the boots till they (not the boots, but his toes) were healed. No doubt, in a male, such vanity is rare; but I know many a Mary here at home (the name is spelt a little differently, and the sex is feminine, but the character is identical) who endures similar torments every day of her life, not only in her “tootsicums” (as she calls her feet, which are not quite so diminutive as she would have them to be), but in much more vital portions of her dainty frame. To one who is acquainted with the structure of the human body the sight of her waspish waist arouses the tenderest pity; one is inclined—though, of course, one never does, or hardly ever—to put one's arm (twice) round it and murmur: “How can you, can you do so?” To poke fun at the poor New Zealand dude, who, at least, has his *Phormium tenax*, while such things are being done at home, “in the best circles,” without any such mitigation, is surely to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

Literature is but a poor calling, so far as its profits are concerned, to any of its professors, but least of all to those whose mission is to make science popular. A few—a very few—scientific men of reputation may command a sale among the rich and learned for great works of a corresponding bulk and price; but those whose humble, but not less useful, task is to teach the secrets of science to the crowd must do so by means of cheap books; and “the crowd,” compared with the public that welcome a lighter kind of literature, is not a large one. If the education of their fellow-creatures is not, like virtue, its own reward, its remuneration is still very small; and those who are benefited by it owe them something beside gratitude. The late Mr. R. A. Proctor, the astronomer, is an

example of this ill-rewarded class. A petition, I read, has been signed by many distinguished persons in favour of his widow and six children for a Government pension. If there is any pretence remaining of devoting the proceeds of the national bounty to those for whom it was designed, here is surely a claim that should not be disregarded. The total resources of Mr. Proctor's family are said to be but £150. What a mockery it is to call a man a “popular writer,” when with all his toil and pains, and an unquestioned economy, such a pittance is all that he can leave behind him!

## NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

The contest between the “Democratic” and the “Republican” parties, in the United States of America, for the election of delegates of the several States, in proportion to the numbers of the population in each State, to choose the President of the Union for the next four years, has resulted in the victory of the “Republican” party, whose candidate, General Benjamin Harrison, will therefore be elected instead of Mr. Grover Cleveland, and will be installed in office early next year. Benjamin Harrison was born in August, 1833, at North Bend, on the Ohio, and was educated at Cary's Academy, Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, and at the Miami University at Oxford, after which he studied law at Cincinnati two years. At the age of twenty he married Miss Carrie L. Scott, daughter of the Rev. J. W. Scott, of Oxford, Ohio, and has two children. In 1854 Harrison removed to Indianapolis, where he began his work in politics. In 1860 he was elected reporter of the Supreme Court of Indiana. In 1862, when the Union armies had met with reverses in the South, he obtained a Lieutenant's commission, went into camp with Company A of the 70th Indiana Regiment, and in less than thirty days led to the front a regiment of 1000 fighting men. During the Atlanta campaign General Harrison took the place of General Butterfield as Brigade Commander. In the fall of 1864 General Harrison was re-elected reporter of the Indiana Supreme Court; in the same year he became a member of a law firm; and was elected Governor of Indiana in 1880. In January, 1881, General Harrison was elected to the United States Senate, and his term of six years as Senator of the United States established his reputation as a sound statesman and a powerful debater. He is an advocate of Civil Service reform.

## THE EX-MAYOR OF CARDIFF.

Sir Morgan Morgan, the ex-Mayor of Cardiff, was on Tuesday, Nov. 6, presented with his portrait, accompanied with a silver dinner-service, subscribed for by numerous friends and fellow-townsmen, in recognition of his many good qualities and efficient services as Chief Magistrate of the borough, as well as of the liberal hospitality which characterised his tenure of office last year. The subscriptions amounted to upwards of £1000, and the presentation was made at the Townhall by the Mayor, Alderman Jacobs, in the presence of a large assembly of ladies and gentlemen. Cardiff is one of the most flourishing towns in the empire, and its population has increased since the last census was taken from 86,000 to upwards of 130,000. A knowledge of this fact was probably one of the circumstances which induced Lord Salisbury to recommend her Majesty to confer upon the ex-Mayor the honour of knighthood, in commemoration of the Jubilee year, and the distinction thus worthily bestowed gave great satisfaction, not only in Cardiff, but throughout the Principality. Sir Morgan Morgan, who practises as a solicitor, is descended from an old Carmarthenshire family, and it is not a little singular that his brother, Colonel Morgan, now fills the offices of the Mayor of the borough and High Sheriff of the county of Brecon—a combination of distinctions to which Mr. Justice Matthew made a graceful allusion in charging the Grand Jury at the last assizes. The Portrait of Sir Morgan Morgan is by Mr. B. F. Marks, of Fitzroy-square, London.

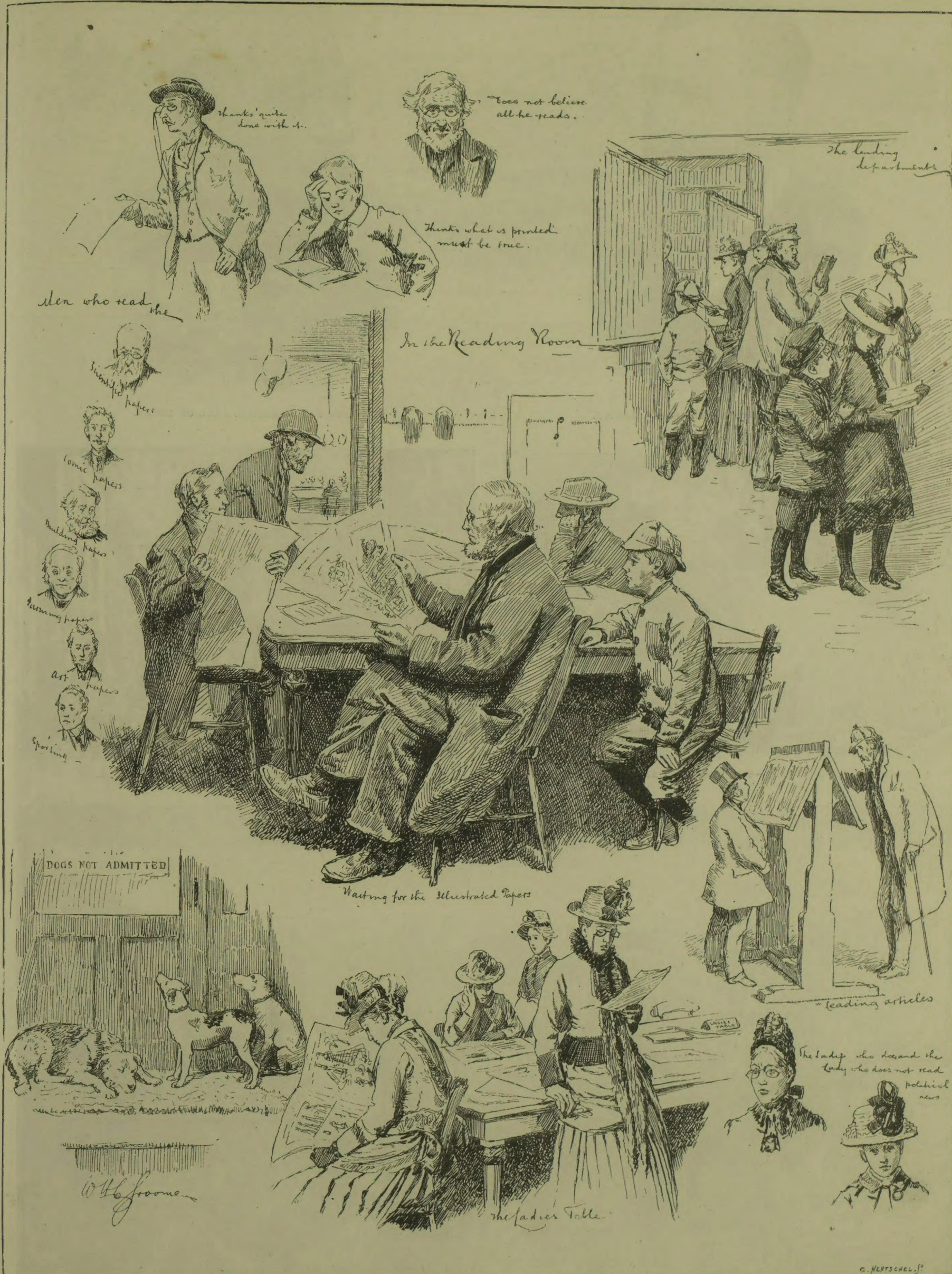
## DISASTER AT MONTREUX, SWITZERLAND.

Many English tourists know the charming Swiss Riviera at the head of the Lake of Geneva. They have viewed with delight the shady, flowery gardens of Clarens, with its bright bine-clad slopes, so dear to Rousseau, the noble sweep of the blue lake, the crags and fir-woods of Naye and Jaman, with their scenery “beautiful as a dream,” the shining snows of the Dent du Midi in the background, and the stately city of palatial hotels that has risen along the lake at Vernex and Montreux, extending to the historic walls of Chillon. They will be sorry to learn that this favourite abode, on this smiling shore, has been suddenly exposed to dire devastation, and has narrowly escaped destruction on the Clarens-Vernex side. Among recent improvements in this district, besides the cable-rail up to the pretty village of Glion, on the hill immediately overhanging Montreux, is an electric tramway from Vevey, through Montreux, to Chillon. Giving life to the whole region with its cheery horn, and by night with its bright red and green lights, this line has been a great convenience to visitors, and is a pleasing evidence of the progressive spirit of Switzerland.

On an eminence directly above the west end of Montreux, and opposite Glion, at an elevation of about 700 ft. above the lake, is the little village of Sonzier, where the Electric Company has established a reservoir providing the water power to work the dynamos of the company. The reservoir was surrounded by solid walls of limestone, protected outside by a substantial earthwork; but it appears that certain misgivings were entertained latterly respecting the solidity of the structure, and the official commissioned to inspect it reported it to be somewhat insecure, especially if overfilled. Whether or not this contingency occurred is at present undetermined; but on the dismal morning of Nov. 6, in the darkness of five o'clock, a sudden, rushing, thundering noise was heard, and down came the waters of the reservoir, breaking down all barriers, plunging up broad spaces of vineyard, snapping aged walnut-trees, slicing their way through intervening cottages and hamlets, shaking down solid walls, tossing the unhappy residents out of their beds and burying them under earth, stones, and mud, three metres deep. Sweeping down some of the main thoroughfares of Montreux, it poured into the lake, narrowly shaving the well-known Hôtel du Cygne and the German Protestant church. When our Correspondent visited the scene of this disaster he was impressed with the wonderful escape the town had made. But for the railway, which was itself covered with rubble and mud, and for some massive intervening walls, which diverted the raging waters, all the front houses of Montreux to the west might have been demolished in an instant.

The authorities seem to have exerted themselves laudably to repair the disaster. The railway was rapidly restored for traffic, and masses of large stones, gravel, and mud were carted from the main street; but there are still great piles of stones, brought down by this water avalanche, while many of the gutted houses threaten speedy collapse, if not promptly removed.





SKETCHES AT A FREE LIBRARY.

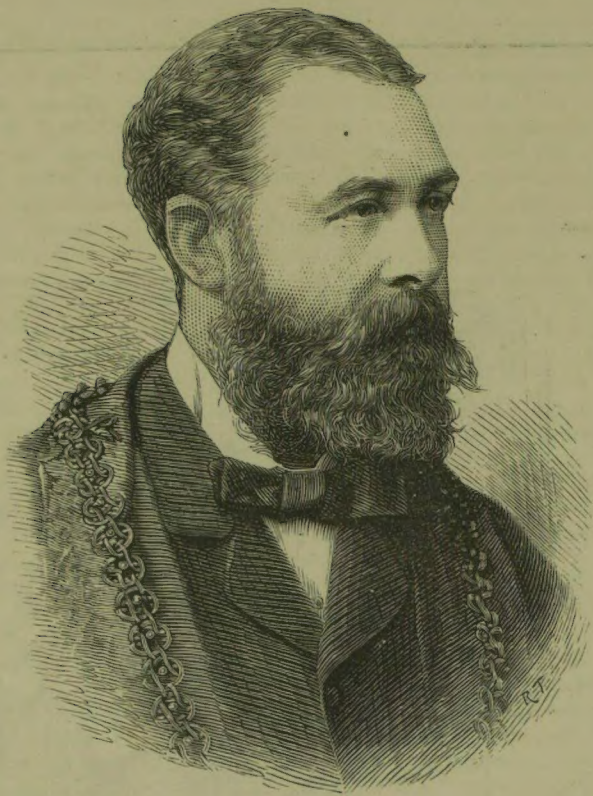
# MUSIC.

An important addition has been made to musical activity in London by the resumption of the Monday Popular Concerts, which entered on their thirty-first season on Nov. 12. The large attendance at St. James's Hall proved—as on many former occasions—the strong hold which these performances have taken on the London musical public. Their recurrence is as anxiously expected as their temporary cessation is widely regretted. In the midst of much that is meretricious in London music, these concerts serve as wholesome correctives, by excellent performances of works by the great masters in a form of composition free from all admixture

of the *ad captandum vulgus*. In addition to compositions that have taken rank as classics, the programmes occasionally offer examples of contemporary productions, so as to afford opportunities for judging of the progress, or otherwise, of creative musical power. In recent seasons the introduction of novelties has, wisely, been somewhat restricted—but few of these being found to stand the test of repetition; while the number of established masterpieces that will bear unlimited rehearsing is almost beyond reckoning. The programme of the opening night of the new season was of sterling interest. Beethoven's Third Rasoumowski Quartet, led by Madame Néruda (Lady Hallé), in association with Mr. L. Ries, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti, and Schumann's pianoforte

trio in D minor, respectively opened and closed the concert; the other instrumental pieces of the evening having included three charming movements by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie (from his Op. 37) for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment. Miss Fanny Davies was the solo pianist, her chief performance having been in Beethoven's series of variations in E flat, in a theme from his "Eroica" symphony. These were very artistically rendered by the young lady pianist, who also sustained the principal part in Schumann's trio. The names of the executants in each case sufficiently indicate the merits of the performances. The vocalist was Miss Liza Lehmann, who sang Bach's air, "Willst du Mein Herz?" and two songs of her own composition, with much refinement.





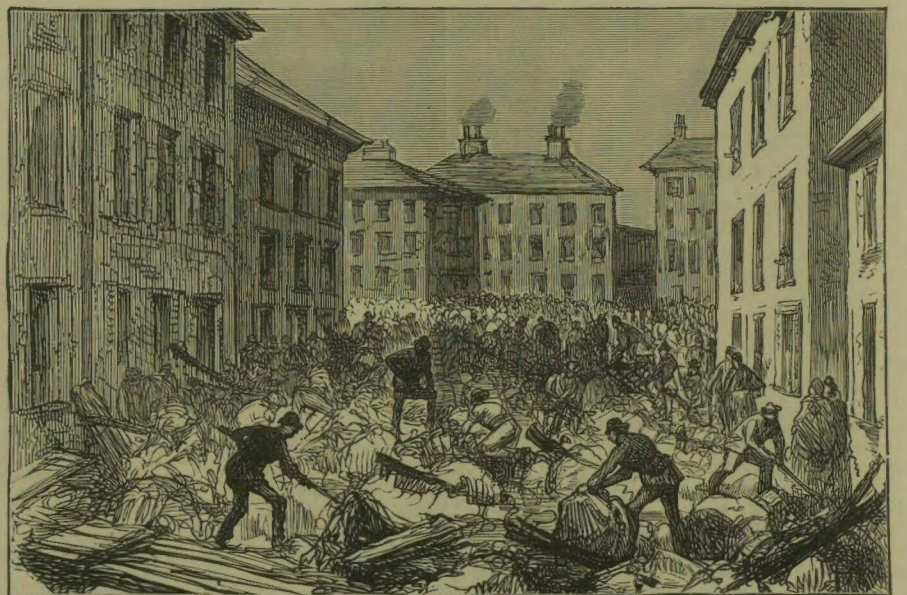
SIR MORGAN MORGAN, EX-MAYOR OF CARDIFF.



THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL EARL OF LUCAN.



THE DISASTER AT MONTREUX: THE RESERVOIR AFTER ITS BURSTING.



THE DISASTER AT MONTREUX: SEEKING THE DEAD.



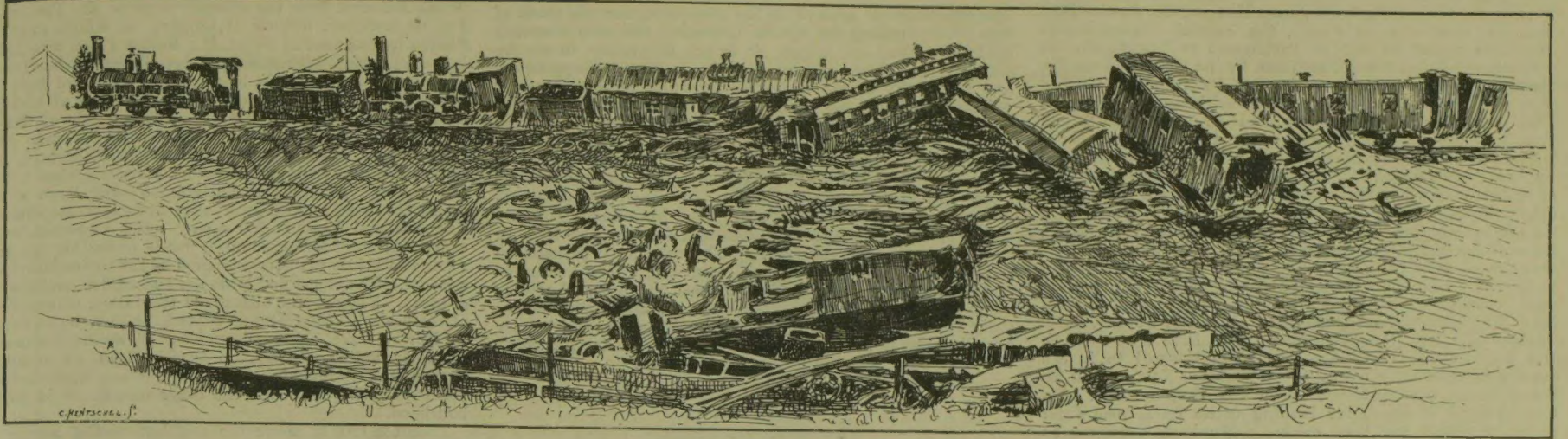
THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY: THE BOW RIVER VALLEY, FROM BANFF.

SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

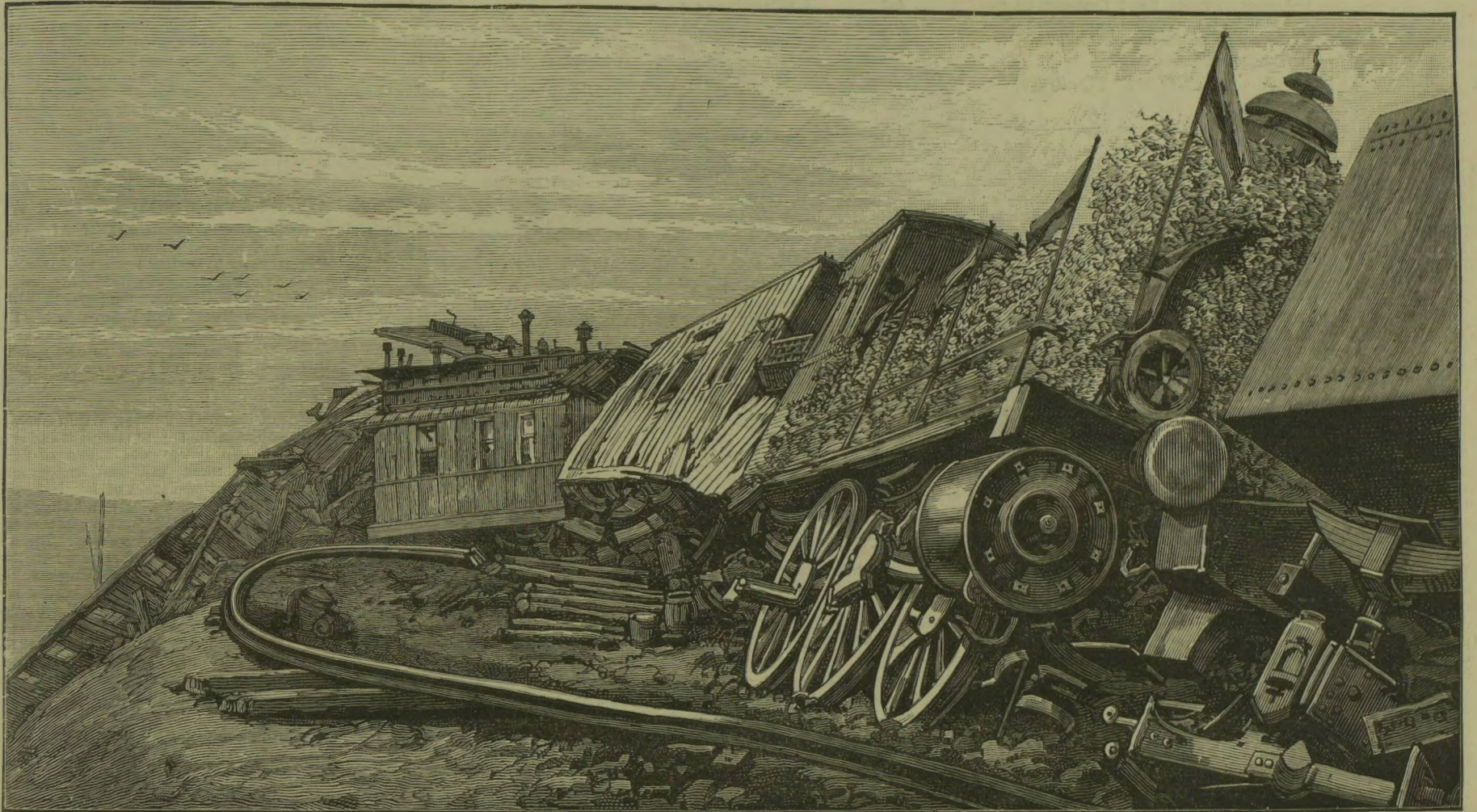


Dining-Saloon.

Emperor's Carriage.



PART OF TRAIN, WITH THE IMPERIAL CARRIAGES.



FORE PART OF THE TRAIN, FALLEN OVER THE LEFT-HAND SIDE OF THE EMBANKMENT.

THE ACCIDENT TO THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S TRAIN ON THE AZOV RAILWAY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.



CAPTURED EAST AFRICAN SLAVES AT ADEN.



## THE PARNELL INQUIRY COMMISSION.

Our Artist has made further Sketches in the Court of Inquiry held by the three Judges, Sir James Hannen, Mr. Justice Day, and Mr. Justice A. L. Smith, the Special Commissioners appointed under an Act of Parliament to investigate the "charges and allegations" set forth by the *Times* against Mr. Parnell and other Irish members of Parliament connected with the Irish Land League and the Irish National League. The proceedings on Thursday and Friday, Nov. 8 and Nov. 9, were of painful interest, from the appearance as witnesses of several widows whose husbands were murdered by the "Moonlighters" and other agents of the system of agrarian terrorism, and whose sad tales were heard with deep sympathy. One was Mrs. J. H. Blake, of Rathville, near Loughrea, Galway, wife of the agent of Lord Clanricarde, killed in her presence on June 29, 1882; she described how three shots were fired, wounding herself and a servant, and killing Mr. Blake, on the car, and how he lay dead on the road, weltering in his blood, while the people refused to help her. The portraits of three other victims' widows, Mrs. Connors and Mrs. Dempsey, whose cases have been noticed, and Mrs. Lyden, whose case was again referred to in the examinations of other witnesses on Tuesday, Nov. 13, will be found among our Sketches; Lyden was shot, by order of a Land League meeting, for herding cattle on a farm from which a tenant had been evicted. We have not space to describe the evidence given by the numerous witnesses, including three "boycotted" landlords, a sergeant and several constables of the Royal Irish Constabulary, and some farmers and labourers, who had acted with the Land Leaguers or the Fenians, besides Mr. Chester Ives, the special correspondent of the *New York Herald*, who was mentioned last week.

## THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT TO THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

The accident that occurred on Oct. 29, near Borki, in South Russia, to the Imperial special train by which the Emperor and Empress, with their children, were travelling homeward from the provinces around the Sea of Azov, was related last week. It occasioned the loss of nearly a dozen lives, and thirty or forty persons were seriously injured, but their Imperial Majesties and the members of their family were unhurt. Two further Illustrations of this disaster are now presented. One is a view of several of the carriages fallen over the left-hand side of the embankment, with a piece of the rail twisted into a sharp curve and lifted above the bed of the railway. The carriages seen in this Sketch are those of Baron Possiet, the Minister of "Ways and Communications" (including railways), the van conveying workmen and materials for repairs to the train, if needful; the van containing the electric light apparatus for the train, with some of the luggage: these carriages preceded the two engines, which were placed together in the middle of the train. One of the engines, decorated with branches of trees and wreaths of foliage, is seen in this Sketch, thrown off the rails, with an engine-tender behind it. The remaining portion of the train is delineated in the second Sketch; it begins with the other engine and tender; there is a van with electric wires, a locksmith's workshop van, a travelling kitchen, a buffet for refreshments, a dining-saloon (in which the Emperor and Empress were at the time), and last came the saloon carriage for the Imperial Princes and Princesses, the saloon carriage for the Emperor and Empress, and one for the Czarevitch. Some of these carriages, it will be seen, were thrown off the rails, and partly down the embankment, while others continued in their right position, which may have been owing to their weight. They did not get lifted on the top of each other, as happens so often in these disasters. But there is no doubt that the rails, which were in bad repair, gave way at first under the carriage of the Minister of State who was officially responsible for the management of all the railways in Russia; and Baron Possiet, as well as the director of this particular line, has incurred the penalty of dismissal. The Emperor and Empress exerted themselves personally on the spot, with great zeal and tenderness, in the relief of their unfortunate fellow-passengers maimed or crushed by this accident; and their Majesties have taken care to provide for those left destitute among the families of the persons killed.

## A LITERARY LODGE OF FREEMASONS.

On Thursday, Nov. 8, being the festival of the "Quatuor Coronati," or Four Holy Crowned Martyrs, in the Roman Calendar, the lodge of that name, under the registry of the Grand Lodge of England, met at Freemasons' Hall, for the purpose of installing the new Master and inducting the other office-bearers. The Master-elect, who was Mr. William Simpson, the well-known Special Artist of *The Illustrated London News*, was duly placed in the chair of King Solomon, by the retiring Master, Mr. R. F. Gould, and afterwards invested his subordinate officers. The lodge of the "Quatuor Coronati," which takes its name from the legendary saints of the building trades, was established in 1884; but owing to its first Master, Sir Charles Warren, having been sent to South Africa on military duty at the close of that year, the actual commencement of its Masonic labours only dates from January, 1886. The object of the founders was to provide a centre and bond of union for students of Freemasonry, and its progress has already far outstripped the modest expectations of the little band of authors and artists, for whose fraternal association it was called into existence. At the end of the first year of real work it was decided to establish, under the name of the "Correspondence Circle," a literary society, in close and intimate connection with the lodge. The numbers of the association have increased from 155 to nearly 450 in the past twelvemonth. No persons are admitted to the full membership of the lodge without a literary or an artistic qualification, but this restriction does not extend to the outer or "correspondence" circle. Papers are read at all the meetings, which are printed in the "Transactions" of the lodge. The "Quatuor Coronati" have an admirable treasurer in Mr. Walter Besant, and Mr. G. W. Speth is the indefatigable secretary.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards has been lecturing on Ancient Egypt in the Midlands, in the North of England, and in Scotland.

Mr. John Boyd has been elected Lord Provost of Edinburgh, in room of Sir Thomas Clerk, who retired at the close of the three years' term of office. Mr. Boyd has been a member of the Council for about twenty-five years, and has filled the offices of bailie and treasurer.

The Glasgow International Exhibition was closed on Saturday, Nov. 10, the total number of visitors on the closing day being 117,901. Since the Exhibition was opened, on May 8, by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the visitors have numbered five million and three-quarters. A sum of £120,000 was taken at the gates, besides £45,000 drawn from season-tickets. There is a surplus of £40,000, which will probably be used for promoting art and science in Glasgow.

## "MANY A SLIP BETWEEN THE CUP AND THE LIP."

The experience of most of us has often confirmed the truth of this proverb among the various unforeseen accidents besetting all human plans and hopes. It is not uncommon to see the simplest and most innocent purposes suddenly disappointed, and frequently by the unjust intervention of marauders or defrauders seizing that which is just about to be rightfully bestowed on another. This is the temporary misfortune of the child's favourite dog, with his saucer of milk which is unhappily broken, and its contents greedily lapped up by two canine intruders, leaving the child, as well as the bereaved pet Doggy, to mourn over its loss. They have not sufficient courage or strength to drive away those unlicensed devourers of the spilt milk, which might otherwise serve the turn in spite of the ruin of the saucer. The child may, perhaps, be also in some fear of disgrace, on returning to the house, for carelessness in the use of a fragile vessel which was of greater value than the milk. But it is to be hoped that the kitchen or dairy store can yet supply a fresh allowance, under safer guardianship, to satisfy the lawful wants of the dog for which this customary benefit was properly intended.

## OBITUARY.

## THE EARL OF LUCAN.

Field Marshal Sir George Charles Bingham, third Earl of Lucan, Baron Lucan of Castlebar, and a Baronet of Nova Scotia, Colonel 1st Life Guards, Lord Lieutenant of Mayo, a Representative Peer, died Nov. 10, in his eighty-ninth year. He was eldest son of Richard, second Earl, by Lady Elizabeth Belasyse, his wife, daughter and co-heir of the last Earl of Fauconberg. He entered the Army in 1816, and attained the rank of Major-General in 1851. In the Crimean War he commanded the Cavalry Brigade, and received several distinctions, viz.: Medal with four clasps, the Grand Cross of the Bath, the Legion of Honour, the Medjidieh, &c. He became Lieutenant-General in 1858, General in 1865, and Field Marshal in 1887. His Lordship married, June 29, 1829, Lady Anne Brudenell, daughter of the sixth Earl of Cardigan, and by her (who died April 2, 1877) had issue, two sons and four daughters. The eldest son, George, Lord Bingham (born in 1830, and married to Lady Cecilia Catherine, youngest daughter of the fifth Duke of Richmond, K.G.), succeeds as fourth Earl of Lucan.

We give a Portrait of the late Earl of Lucan, from a photograph by Messrs. Maull and Fox.

## MR. COMPTON FERRERS.

Mr. Compton Gerard Ferrers, male representative of the great house of Ferrers, and senior coheir of the barony of Ferrers of Chartley, died on Nov. 6 at 78, Cadogan-place. He was born, May 12, 1818, the third son of the late Mr. Edward Ferrers, of Baddesley Clinton, in the county of Warwick, by Lady Harriet Anne, his wife, second daughter, and eventual coheir of George, second Marquis Townshend and sixteenth Lord Ferrers of Chartley. He succeeded his brother, Marmion Edward Ferrers, of Baddesley Clinton, in 1884.

## HON. MRS. CAULFEILD.

Hon. Annette Caulfeild, younger daughter of Richard, third Lord Castlemaine, and wife of Colonel James Alfred Caulfeild, of Drumcaine, county Tyrone, Comptroller of the Household of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, died at Dublin Castle on Nov. 10. The death of this estimable lady is deeply deplored. Her marriage was on Feb. 2, 1858, and its issue one daughter, Constance Elizabeth, now Countess of Ranfurly.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. James Campbell Home, A.M., for forty years Vicar of Rawcliffe, Lancashire, recently, at Chester.

Mr. Arthur Willmore, landscape engraver, on Nov. 3, aged seventy-four. He was one of the last and best of our line-engravers.

The Palestine Exploration Fund Committee have just received the sum of £500, left to them by the will of the late Robert Mackay Smith, Esq., of 4, Bellevue-crescent, Edinburgh.

Two stained glass windows (executed by Warrington and Co.) have been placed in Lancaster parish church as a memorial to the late Mr. J. P. Chamberlain Starkie.

The Royal Geographical Society opened their winter session on Nov. 12, when Mr. H. H. Johnston, Vice-Consul for the Oil Rivers District, read a paper on the Niger Delta, which was illustrated by numerous dissolving views.

At a conference of the National Fruit-Growers' League, held in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, on Nov. 12, a resolution was unanimously adopted calling upon the Government to give facilities for the establishment of small fruit gardens.

Two important meetings were held on Nov. 12 in the East of London—one at the Limehouse Townhall, presided over by the Archbishop of York; and the other at St. Bartholomew's Hall, Dalston Junction, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury—in support of the missions of East London. The necessity of increased activity in religious work among the poor of the district, and the importance of enlisting lay assistance were strongly urged by the various speakers, who included, as well as the two Archbishops, the Bishops of Wakefield and Bedford.

An important addition is about to be made to the bibliography of wood-engraving by Mr. W. J. Linton, who is preparing a work to be entitled "The Masters of Wood-Engraving," and which purposes to occupy new ground. While giving an ample account of the books in which wood-engraving has been used, and carefully sifting old judgments through technical knowledge, it also undertakes a history of the art by exhibiting the choicest works from the earliest times. To accomplish this purpose the Library and Print-room of the British Museum have been thoroughly searched for the purest impressions, from which photographs have been taken for reproduction by the best facsimile processes. To these will be added copies from unique proofs in the author's possession, the whole forming a collection hitherto unattempted. It will be limited to an edition of 500 copies, signed and numbered, issued to subscribers only. A further edition, on larger paper, of 100 copies, will include such large works as Dürer's "Triumphal Car of Maximilian." As Mr. Linton is himself one of the "Masters of Wood-Engraving," and also an accomplished author, the work cannot fail to be of the highest value and interest.

## THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY: BANFF.

Our description of the line which crosses the whole breadth of North America, from the Atlantic ports to the Pacific, within British territory, left off at Calgary, of which new town a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, was published last week, along with those of other places, in Manitoba, and on Lake Nipissing, in the long journey westward from Ottawa and from Montreal. The next place deserving of notice, after Calgary, is Banff, situated on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains and forming the station for the Canadian National Park. This place abounds in medicinal springs, and in addition to the cottages and small hostels that now exist, the railway company is building a very large and well-appointed hotel, which will offer first-class accommodation. The National Park is 260 square miles in extent, embraces every variety of scenery, and is made accessible by numerous roads and bridle-paths, constructed by the Government at large expense. The rivers and lakes are full of fish, and the forests of game. The average altitude of the valley, which fills most of the park, is 4500 feet, and roads have been built northward to Devil's Lake, a very deep piece of water, hemmed in by precipitous cliffs, and by the Devil's Head, an immense and abrupt peak, so lofty as to be seen far out upon the eastern plains, towering above all the other mountains in its neighbourhood.

Banff is 4200 ft. above the sea, but nestled among mountains rising over 5000 ft. above the hotel, often with snow on their summits and far down the sides of the deep gorges. The sanitarium is on the bank of the Bow River, a stream over 400 ft. wide, of crystal clearness, slightly whitened by glacier water. This river under the hotel breaks through walls of rock 200 ft. high, forming a succession of cascades or rapids 60 ft. in fall, within 140 yards. The views of the snow-clad mountains, the river, the cascades, and whirling pool below makes the situation of the hotel one of the finest ever seen. Trout abound in the river of all angling sizes. A lake-trout was brought in from Devil's Lake, twelve miles off, weighing forty-three pounds. We shall give several Illustrations of the Hot Springs and Sanitarium at Banff.

## CAPTURE OF SLAVE-DHOWS NEAR ADEN.

The Arab slave trade on the East Coast of Africa is now exciting the attention of several European Governments. We are indebted to Mr. Herbert E. Dudley for a Sketch of a scene at Aden, consequent on the activity of a British cruiser, H.M.S. Osprey, sloop, Commander E. Gissing. On Sept. 15, while on a cruise, the Osprey sighted Mocha, and boarded a small dhow that had been sent from Assab Bay by the Italians to Mocha, for fruit. She then stood up the coast to the north until night, when she turned round and came down slowly, at a distance of about eight miles from the land. At daybreak next morning, the Osprey sighted three dhows ahead, and immediately went in pursuit of them. On getting within range, a gun was fired from the sloop as a signal to the dhows to stop and submit to examination. No notice was taken of this; but the dhows crowded on more sail and endeavoured to escape. A well-aimed shot at the mast of the largest of the three dhows speedily brought her up. By this time the other two dhows were nearly a mile ahead and widely separated, so that the capture of both was by no means easy. But a fortunate shot through the sail of the nearest resulted in her soon being made a prisoner; then the Osprey went in pursuit of the third dhow, and eventually captured her. Taking the last two in tow, her Majesty's sloop steamed back to the first of the dhows. On search being made it was found that the three dhows contained over two hundred slaves, male and female, the larger proportion being Christians from Abyssinia. The prizes were towed to Aden, where the vessels were condemned and the slaves were taken charge of by the authorities.

The Duke of Wellington has consented to become a vice-president of the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital.

On the evening of Nov. 10 the first through express-train from Paris arrived at Constantinople.

An exhibition of the iron and metal trades is open at the Agricultural Hall, Islington.

Sir Charles Warren has resigned the Chief Commissionership of the Metropolitan Police, to which he was appointed in March, 1886, in succession to Sir Edmund Henderson.

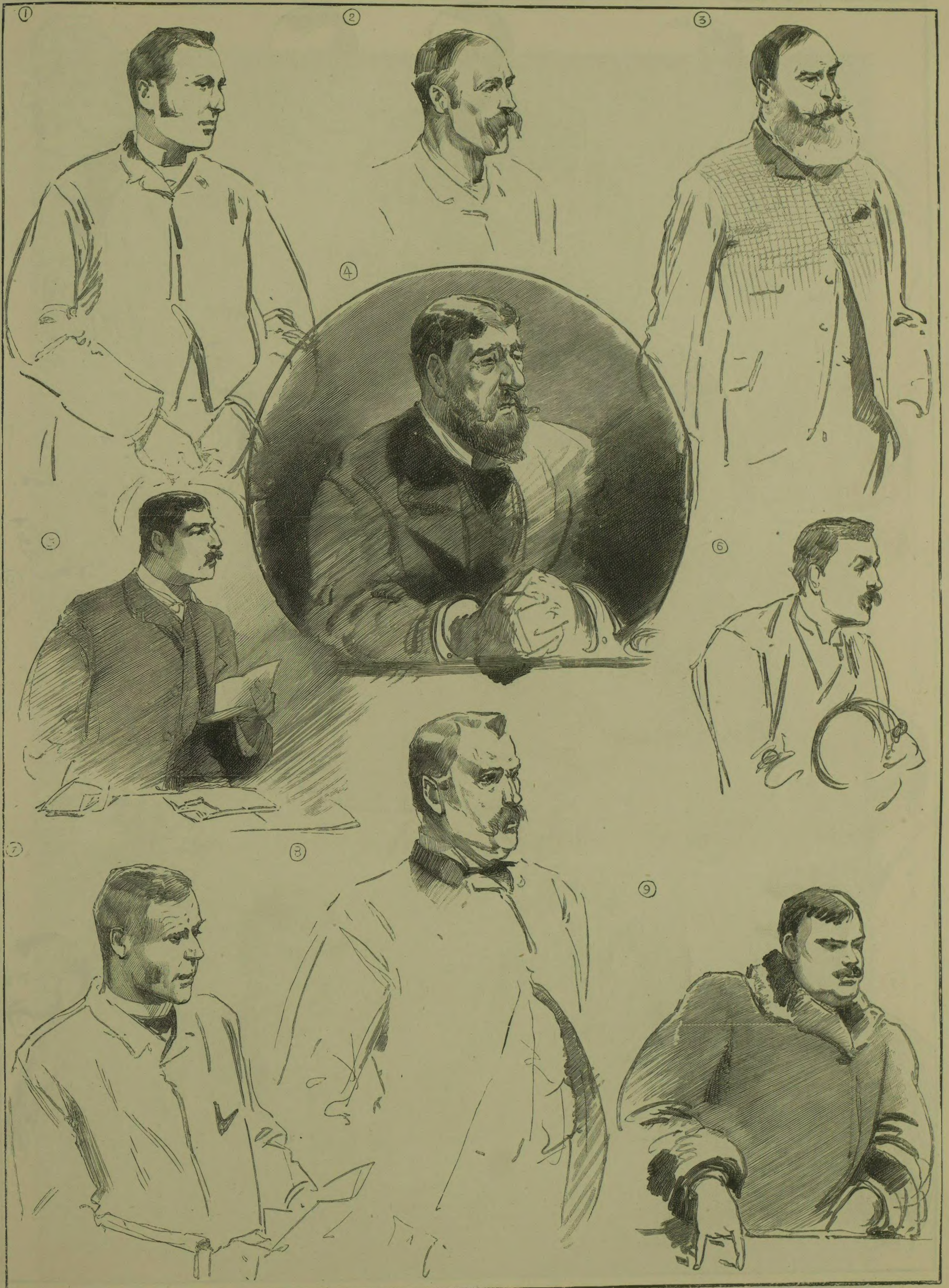
During October the officers of the Fishmongers' Company seized and destroyed at Billingsgate and on board boats lying off that place 76 tons 6 cwt. of fish as unfit for human food.

Lord Lytton, who was elected about a year ago to the Office of Lord Rector of Glasgow University, delivered his rectorial address on Nov. 9. The subject was the principles of action with which Diplomacy was concerned, and his Lordship said that never within his recollection had the peace of Europe been maintained under conditions more onerous than those which now imposed upon its leading States an unrelaxed development of the machinery of war. Five Continental Powers maintained 12,000,000 of fighting men, costing annually 112,000,000 sterling. War was, therefore, sudden and gigantic, having decisive and far-reaching results. Therefore our safety depended upon prudent moderation in our international relations.

The resumption of Mr. John Boosey's "London Ballad Concerts" at St. James's Hall, on Nov. 21, will be welcome to the many who appreciate excellent performances of vocal music—solo and choral—interspersed with violin or pianoforte pieces, rendered by eminent artists.

The opening concert of the Royal Choral Society at the Royal Albert Hall (the inauguration of the eighteenth season of the institution originally known as the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society) has already been briefly mentioned. Mozart's sacred masterpiece, the expiring effort of his genius, the immortal "Requiem," and Rossini's "Stabat Mater," were, as already said, the works performed on the occasion referred to. It would be scarcely possible to find two compositions, each a production of high genius, more opposite in style and treatment. Elevated sublimity is the prevailing characteristic of Mozart's work, while the other is conceived in a more florid style of luxuriant melody in consonance with the most sensuous nature of the surroundings of the Roman Catholic service, to which, indeed, both compositions belong. The vocalists at the concert now referred to were, in the "Requiem," Madame Albani, Madame Scalchi, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Signor Del Puente; the first and third of whom were especially efficient; the same praise being due to the same artists for their performance in the "Stabat," the co-operation of Madame Scalchi in which—particularly her share with Madame Albani, in the duet "Quis est homo"—having resulted in a remarkably fine rendering, on both parts, of that beautiful movement. Another specialty was the magnificent singing of Mr. E. Lloyd in the tenor solo, "Cujus animam." Mr. R. Hilton was very efficient in the bass music of the "Stabat." The choral performances throughout the evening were of the same exceptionally high character as heretofore. Mr. Barnby conducted, and Mr. W. Hodge presided ably at the organ.





1. White, a voluble Witness.  
2. Constable Bolgen, R.I.C.

3. Constable Walsh, R.I.C.  
4. Captain Plunkett.

5. District-Inspector Bell.  
6. Magistrate Burke.

7. Con Hagner.

8. Dominick Barry, R.I.C.  
9. The "New York Herald."



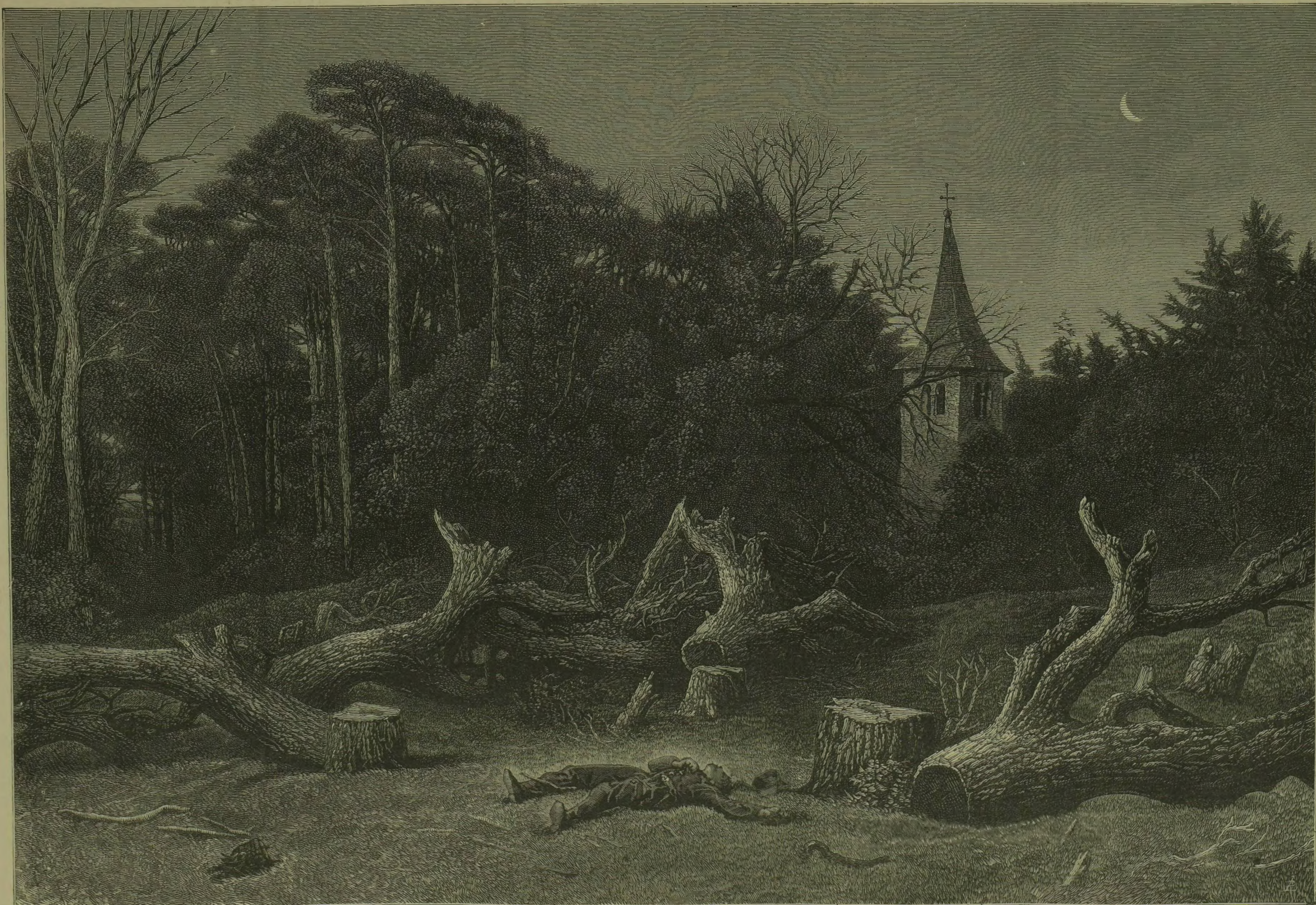


1. Mr. Lewis, a Boycotted Landlord.	4. Pat Small.	7. Kerrigan.	9. John Rafferty.	12. Mrs. Connors	15. Bridget Kerrigan.
2. Mr. Botterill, another Boycotted Landlord.	5. Mike Corless.	8. Mr. Lambert, another Boycotted Landlord.	10. Connolly.	13. Mrs. Dempsey	16. Tom Connair.
3. Sergeant Kidd, R.I.C.	6. Mike Leonard.		11. Sergeant Butler, R.I.C.	14. Mrs. Lyden	

} Victims' Widows.

SKETCHES AT THE PARNELL INQUIRY COMMISSION COURT: SOME OF THE WITNESSES.





AFTER THE BATTLE.—DRAWN BY E. MICHEL.



## OUR DESERTED VILLAGE.

Cooped up in London, with the dull, dead leaves drifting about the melancholy squares; with no kindly sun putting in an appearance until long after midday; with a dense canopy of grey mist overhead and the wood pavement greasy with black mud underfoot, how should anyone know of the turquoise-blue sky, of the exhilarating atmosphere, of the quiet, waveless sea, the leaves, the flowers, and the delicious restfulness that prevail in our deserted village? No; we are not at the Riviera, or in Devonshire, or in the Isle of Wight: it is not even mid-summer, or mid-autumn, and we have long since passed the little summer of St. Martin; but here I am, on a lovely November morning, sitting writing at an open window—the sun shining brilliantly, the sea sparkling, the birds singing in the green plantation bordering the cliff over the way, the place surely one of the healthiest in all England—the distance an easy two hours from Holborn Viaduct. You will never believe it when I tell you that our deserted village is within a stone's throw of merry Margate; that it nestles down in a secluded corner of the Island of Thanet; and that now, just because the season is over, because the accepted holiday-time is past—though spring never gave such soft breezes, or summer such sun, or autumn such beauty of foliage—the place is as silent as the grave, the cliffs are as deserted as the Island of Sark, and the streets as empty as those of ancient Sandwich round the corner of this white-cliffed coast. Never yet this year has the sea been warmer or more tempting to the bather; the grass on the lawns of hotels and bungalows is as smooth and undisturbed still as if it had been gone over religiously by the garden-roller; but the tennis-nets have been taken up and the players have gone home. The weather is far more suitable for cricket now than it ever was in the past disastrous summer, with its storms and torrents of rain; and the boys, if they had their own way, would soon pitch the wickets again in the green fields and grassy commons, and reserve football and hockey for the winter of the future, when there is a grip of frost in the air and the east wind has some bluster in it.

A sense of life and exhilaration pervades the place. A sunny smile comes into the pale wan face of the invalid, who is wheeled out every morning to enjoy the sunshine among the arbutus and laurustinus that have been planted in warm dells on the sea-front; the girls—a few of them are still left—toss aside their furs and capes and boas with disgust, and loathing, as they settle down in easy corners, in glass shelters, or on exposed benches to enjoy the companionship of an interesting novel or a lady's newspaper; and only to-day, as I was pottering about the pretty shops that abound at the seaside, a youngster rushed past me at full speed, racing like a young greyhound, so overflowing with the delicious air and the sense of life that he shouted to himself as he passed by, "By Jove, isn't this bracing!" Luckily, our celebrated Mr. Jackson, the dandy horseman who wears a white hat and a rose in his button-hole in honour of this exemplary autumn, does not close his stables or curtail his establishment because November has come and it is currently supposed that the gaiety of the year is over. Not a bit of it. He does not follow the lead of the bathing-machine proprietors, or the boatmen, or the owner of the sea and swimming baths; he takes his cue from the sunshine and the glorious winter weather, and personally provides the only excitement that is now known in our village. If the men do not think it worth while to come down and follow the Thanet harriers, and honestly think it is too hot for hunting when an overcoat is an incumbrance, the girls are ready to trot over to Minster, or make headway for Herne Bay or the Reculvers, or gallop past the pretty farm-houses on the road to the romantic Ville of Sarre; and there is always a smart dog-cart or a light buggy ready for an expedition, should anyone want it, to visit distant Canterbury, lunch at the Rose Inn, and so home in the lovely light of a primrose and orange sunset.

If you have not guessed where our village is, or what it is, or all about it, you may just as well know. Founded some years ago by a celebrated doctor, this neighbour of the most rollicking seaside resort in all England, as much a stranger to jetties, and halls-by-the-sea, and sing-songs and music-hall freedom and such-like fun as one place can be from another, as pretty as a child's box of Dutch toys, and as soothing as Clovelly, this charming hamlet known as "Westgate-on-Sea" is surely the haven of rest for those who work with the brain and desire occasionally to purge the lungs from the smoke and the dirt that life in modern London inevitably provides them with in black abundance. I have seen Westgate grow and grow from a row of bungalows into the compact little colony that now fronts the healthiest sea-board that can be found "round about the islands." Long before Westgate was the place it now is—long before Royal Academicians came down here to build studios in a north light that makes them chuckle over their friends who pride themselves on the purity of Hampstead, Kensington, Campden Hill, and St. John's Wood; long before great men of science, astronomers, and authorities learned on that heavenly body, the sun, left Wimbledon and London in despair, and chose Westgate as a fitting spot to put up their big telescopes and pursue their observations without an intervening obstacle of foul fog and coal smoke, I knew something of the origin of "bungalow-land"; but the wildest enthusiasts who knew Westgate, then in its primitive state, could scarcely have believed that the idea of its founders would have been so faithfully followed even to completion. Why is it that I am always so reminded of a child's box of toys when I wander about this pretty collection of fantastic villas, white wooden balconies, olive-green barge-boards, fanciful finials, and odd graceful architectural devices with which Westgate abounds? Out of Holland there is surely no cleaner place in the wide world. The balconies and gates and red tiles and white window-sashes look as if they were carefully washed with soap-and-water every morning. The shops might have been constructed for an elaborate doll's-house. An edict seems to have gone forth that no inhabitant may leave scraps of paper blowing about the white streets under pain of banishment. All the wandering leaves are swept up so as not to make any litter on the spotless roads. And now, to make all complete, they have planted a doll's-shrubbery, with ornamental paths, and undulating dells, and in-and-out corners, and leafy surprises, where it will be warm and sheltered in mid-winter, even if the north-east wind blows hurricanes hard over the village of villas.

Westgate, like every other seaside resort, has its times and its seasons. Summer sends up its prices to extravagant sums; winter reduces them to zero. But how is it, I wonder, that people who can afford to be luxurious pack up their traps and are off to the sanitary-doubtful Riviera—with its wearisome journey, its false fashion, and its occasionally murderous winds—when, on such a past October, and at the beginning of such a lovely November, they can find, but two hours' from London, warm blue mornings, mellow and yellow afternoons, and soft purple nights, that cheer the depressed, and give animation to the most jaded spirit? In the morning, a bath of sunshine; in the afternoon, a ramble among the homesteads; at night, a rest that can only be obtained when the roar of restless London is miles away, and nothing is heard but the low music of everlasting waves upon the sandy shore!

C. S.

## "AFTER THE BATTLE."

The war between France and Germany, eighteen years ago, left memories of stirring actions, and of sadness, of death, of suffering, and of desolation, in so many hearts of both nations, that it is natural still to meet with the works of foreign painters representing scenes occasioned by that great military contest. A pathetic effect is that rendered by M. Michel, in the picture of a quiet woodland nook in the grounds of a rural mansion, where a dead soldier lies, alone and unheeded, having been slain in one of the pursuing skirmishes that are apt to follow a desperate defeat, the body of troops to which he belonged having been scattered for miles over the country, and some of them, in all likelihood, slaughtered or left wounded on the roads or in the fields. Warlike pride may be rebuked by the sight of such a pitiful relic of mortality, abandoned in the silent evening hour, when the fury of combat has passed; a thought of sympathy may be given to his parents and friends in a distant village, who will long be awaiting news of one whom they loved. They will, in all likelihood, never receive an exact account of the manner and the place in which he fell; only that his comrades lost sight of him, and that his fate could scarcely be doubtful. Such sorrowful examples are to be multiplied by tens of thousands in a campaign of a few weeks; the sum of them, added to the huge carnage of celebrated battle-fields, makes up the tale of reputed glory, to the renown of Princes, Statesmen, and Generals, to the misery of the people, and to the exhaustion of the resources of peaceful industry by the cost of immense armies maintained for political rivalry and ambition.

## LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

The Civic procession, on the installation of the Lord Mayor, was this year of small proportions, and there was less crowding in the streets than usual. His Lordship was presented by the Recorder to the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Cave, and Mr. Justice Grantham. Lord Coleridge heartily welcomed Alderman Whitehead, the new Chief Magistrate of London, in the name of the Judges. The Lord Chief Justice remarked that the Courts of Law and the Courts of the City of London had been legally severed; but he expressed an earnest hope that the good feeling which had so long subsisted between the Judges and the Corporation would remain as firm and unbroken as ever.

Lord Salisbury was the principal speaker at the banquet which was given at the Guildhall in the evening. After remarking that Parliament had been compelled to sit on Lord Mayor's Day for the finishing of its ordinary business, he alluded to the approaching elections to the County Councils, a great experiment, which could only be successful by the leaders of the community bringing labour and intelligence to the work. With respect to foreign affairs, there was not, on the surface, much to notice. All those who were charged with the duty of ruling in Europe had an earnest desire to keep the peace. A European war was a terrible hazard, and there was a general impression that in the midst of so much preparation as was exhibited on the Continent, England must not remain unprepared.

Some 3000 of the poorest inhabitants of Whitechapel were, through the generosity of the Lord Mayor (Mr. Alderman Whitehead) and several influential residents at the East-End, invited to the Great Assembly Hall, Mile End-road, where they were liberally regaled with a meat tea, and where a miscellaneous entertainment had been provided for them. The Lord Mayor sent £100 towards defraying the cost, while Mr. Sheriff Newton contributed £50.

## HEALTH OF THE PORT OF LONDON.

A report upon the sanitary condition of the Port of London during the six months ending June 30, 1888, has recently been presented to the Corporation by Dr. Collingridge, the medical officer of health for the port. During the half-year 9693 vessels have been visited, and of these 8524 carried the British flag; the next nationality in point of numbers being the Scandinavian, with a total of 422. By far the larger number of these vessels were found to be in a satisfactory sanitary condition, and in only 676, or 6.9 per cent, was it necessary to order cleansing to be carried out. The report contains a detailed account of an outbreak of scarlet fever on the London School Board training-ship Shaftesbury (during which sixteen cases were removed therefrom to the Port Sanitary Hospital), and suggests some important precautionary measures for the future health of the ship. Dr. Collingridge calls attention to the imperfect hospital provision at Gravesend. "The existing wards, excellently constructed as they are, do not give sufficient accommodation for the separation of different varieties of disease." He urges that it is wrong to place smallpox under the same roof as any other disease, and that it is absolutely necessary that another ward should be erected at a safe distance, to be used for smallpox patients only. The total amount of mutton condemned during the half-year amounts to 73,301½ stone, being 1.4 per cent of the whole importation through the docks. Of beef, only 512 sides were condemned; 371 canal-boats have been inspected, and these, although registered for a population of 1343, carried only 952 persons on board. The report makes mention of improvements made in the sanitary condition of Canvey Island, and attention is called to the need of a good artesian well for public use. During the half-year the Port Sanitary Hospital received twenty-three cases.

Mr. J. Broughton Edge has been appointed Judge of County Courts, Circuit No. 58, in Devonshire.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has become a benefactor of the Clergy Pensions Institution, Mowbray House, by contributing £100 to the Augmentation Fund.—Lord Grimthorpe, Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., and Mr. Henry Hucks Gibbs have made similar contributions.

At the weekly meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works on Nov. 9, Lord Magheramorne was, for the last time, elected chairman of the board, and said he would do his best to hand over the government of the metropolis to the new County Council with their organisation in good working order.

The first meeting of the Royal Botanic Society since the recess was held on Nov. 10; Mr. J. P. Gassiot, vice-president, in the chair. Among other exhibits upon the table were plants of *abrus precatorius*, the so-called "weather-plant." The secretary, in explaining the action of the plant, said he could not do better than quote the late Michael Faraday, who, during a lecture on "Table-turning," remarked that effects noticed were incorrectly attributed to a certain cause. Thus the movement of the table was ascribed to some mesmeric influence rather than to the unconscious mechanical act of the operators; and thus the action of the weather-plant was put down to atmospheric or other influences at a distance of time or place, rather than to that of the immediate habitat in which the plant might be at the moment. The behaviour of the weather-plants in the society's gardens varied at one and the same time according to the special conditions under which they were growing.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Children's hospitals appeal to the best feelings of charity. With regard to them, there can be no question of whether the sufferers should not have provided in health for their own hour of need, no fear of encouraging future improvidence, no suggestion that their illness comes from their own sins or follies. The patient eyes of a helpless child in pain are the most touching sight that can meet one's gaze in this world full of sorrow. No skill or care avails always to cure the pang, alas! we learn in our own homes by the sight of our own loved little ones in sickness. But cure is sometimes, and alleviation is generally, within the reach of the healing art; and how sad it is to think of thousands of little ones pining in pain in wretched homes for want of that aid!

The Children's Hospital in Great Ormond-street, London, has gained in funds by a special effort made in connection with the Queen's Jubilee. A children's fund was raised, to be applied, under her Majesty's sanction, to the purpose of building a new wing. The sum of £6000 was subscribed, and it is to be hoped that a considerable addition to this has been made by the happy thought of the Doll Show for its benefit. The show was held on Nov. 9 in a tent placed on the piece of ground designed for the new wing. Princess Frederica attended to distribute the prizes, and there was a large company.

Dolls had been sent to the exhibition from the far ends of the civilised earth—given for the benefit of the charity by kind-hearted persons, for the prizes were few, and the exhibits were all on sale for the benefit of the hospital. From France, Germany, Italy, and America contributions had arrived. A great many dolls (according to an amusing essay by the hon. secretary of the show, Mr. S. Whitford, jun.) are manufactured in Germany, the eyes, however, coming from Birmingham, where orders are sometimes received for £500 worth of eyes at once. The sum spent on preparing these toys is indeed very large; the material used for dresses alone in one district of Germany, where all the peasant women work at this business, is calculated at £16,000 annually. Some of the dolls in the show were very original. The first prize was given to an old lady for a most complete doll's wardrobe. There was an Arabian bedstead of considerable size, hung with dimity, and dressed with frilled pillow-cases and spotless white sheets and counterpane; even the night-dress case was not forgotten. Inside the bed reposed dolly, in full *toilette de nuit*. Around hung her dresses. There was her party dress, or demi-toilette, with front of white lace insertion run through with red ribbons and red silk pleated back, red shoes, suede gloves, and long white cashmere opera mantle, trimmed with swan'sdown. There was a full ball-dress of pale pink gauze, and there was a walking dress of blue cashmere, with a brown cloth jacket, a fur boa, and a black straw hat trimmed with brown gauze and ivy; a parasol, a jewel-box, and various articles of underclothing. This complete trousseau naturally carried off the palm. Another prize doll was dressed as a country carter, with a properly made linen smockfrock, grey knitted wool stockings, and regular "clod-hopper" boots of leather, laced. The nurses' competition was for dolls dressed in the various hospital uniforms, and very neat and pretty many of them looked. A little girl of eleven, Miss Phipps, won the children's prize for a Bohemian peasant, in red dress and black satin apron; and two other prizes went to dolls all in white, one as a baby in long embroidered clothes and the other as one of about three.

There were much more original dolls than these on some of the stalls, however. There was an admirable eighteenth-century courtier, dressed entirely in knitted silk garments, which were formed with such perfection that the richest of materials could not have surpassed it in effect. He had a long-tailed brown coat with big and curiously-shaped revers, and trimmed round the fronts with a band of gold braid; a long-flapped yellow vest embroidered in flowers with green silk; brown "smalls" and stockings, a black three-cornered hat, and a white tie-wig. A curious couple were "Darby and Joan," made almost entirely of cotton wool. The faces were of this stuff, and it proved curiously capable of imitating the lines and texture of aged flesh. Joan's mob cap, white shawl with black bands, white apron, and black gown were all of the same stuff, the knitting and the pins in her hands alone being of any other material, and Darby was similarly constructed. A genuine big brown sabot formed a nest for "the old woman who lived in a shoe"; a window was cut in the front of the toe, and children clustered on the ledge thereof; a wooden ladder went up inside from the heel, and swarmed with tiny youngsters; and a tiny doll even looked out of the chimney. A Robinson Crusoe was there, all in white fur, cap included; and a black lady near him was clothed in the brightest of Arabian cottons. Some expensive musical and moving dolls were very handsome. Perhaps the best was one very smartly dressed in brocade silk, with pink silk gathered front, and holding a basket, the lid of which she slowly lifted from time to time as her clockwork moved, when up from out of the basket rose and peeped in the most natural fashion the head of a tiny white dog, who crouched down again as the lid slowly descended once more. A French Marquis, in dove-coloured and pink silk, actually smoked away a cigarette, which he put to and removed from his lips regularly, humming a tune the while. A model Queen Elizabeth and a large complement of brides and ladies in Court dress were mixed with more ordinary costumes.

Princess Frederica performed her part in the ceremony with much dignity and grace. She is very tall and distinguished-looking, though unpretending in manner. She was quietly but well dressed, in a black cashmere gown with moiré Directoire sides, and a black lace tablier, over which fell a jet girdle from the heavily-jetted fitting undervest or plastron of a black plush mantle, which was further trimmed with skunk. H.R.H.'s bonnet was of red gathered crepe, with aigrette of black Chantilly and black and red osprey, and red strings fastened with diamond pins. A diamond swallow brooch was also pinned into the back of the bonnet. A little boy patient presented the Princess with a bouquet, and the prize winners were then called up by the Secretary of the hospital to receive their awards, after which H.R.H. inspected the stalls.

It is curious to see how rapidly fashions spread, and how easy it soon becomes to obtain articles demanded by its decrees that a short time before were unprocureable. The Directoire style of dress carries all before it at present. Every noticeably handsome costume seen is made according to it. The beautiful big buttons which it requires are, therefore, now to be obtained readily; cut steel and fancy silver are most popular, but enamel and cloth inlaid with silver are also coming into use, and mother-of-pearl, like old coachman's buttons, suits light materials. Feather boas are another novelty which has been quickly adopted. They are composed of what is called "clipped ostrich feather," which also constitutes a very fashionable edging for mantles. They look like what they are: undressed ostrich feathers with the tips of the fronds clipped. Bands of this kind of trimming encircle hats, whether beneath or above the brim, and occasionally the boa is allowed to take its rise at the back of the hat, thence being coiled two or three times round the throat. These articles are not expensive—under a guinea each for the best quality.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



## CURIOUS INCIDENT OF STAG-HUNTING.

The Sketch by Lieutenant C. M. Gomme, R.H.A., represents an incident which happened last season while the Ward Union Hounds were going to the place where the stag had just been uncarted. A hare crossed the road in front of the pack, followed by a couple of greyhounds in close pursuit. The hounds, astonished at the novelty of the situation, first turned to look at the hare, and then started off in pursuit of the greyhounds; but they were quickly called to order by the huntsman, who at once brought them round, and laid them on the line of the stag in a very masterly manner.

## ON THE PLEASURES OF BEING POOR.

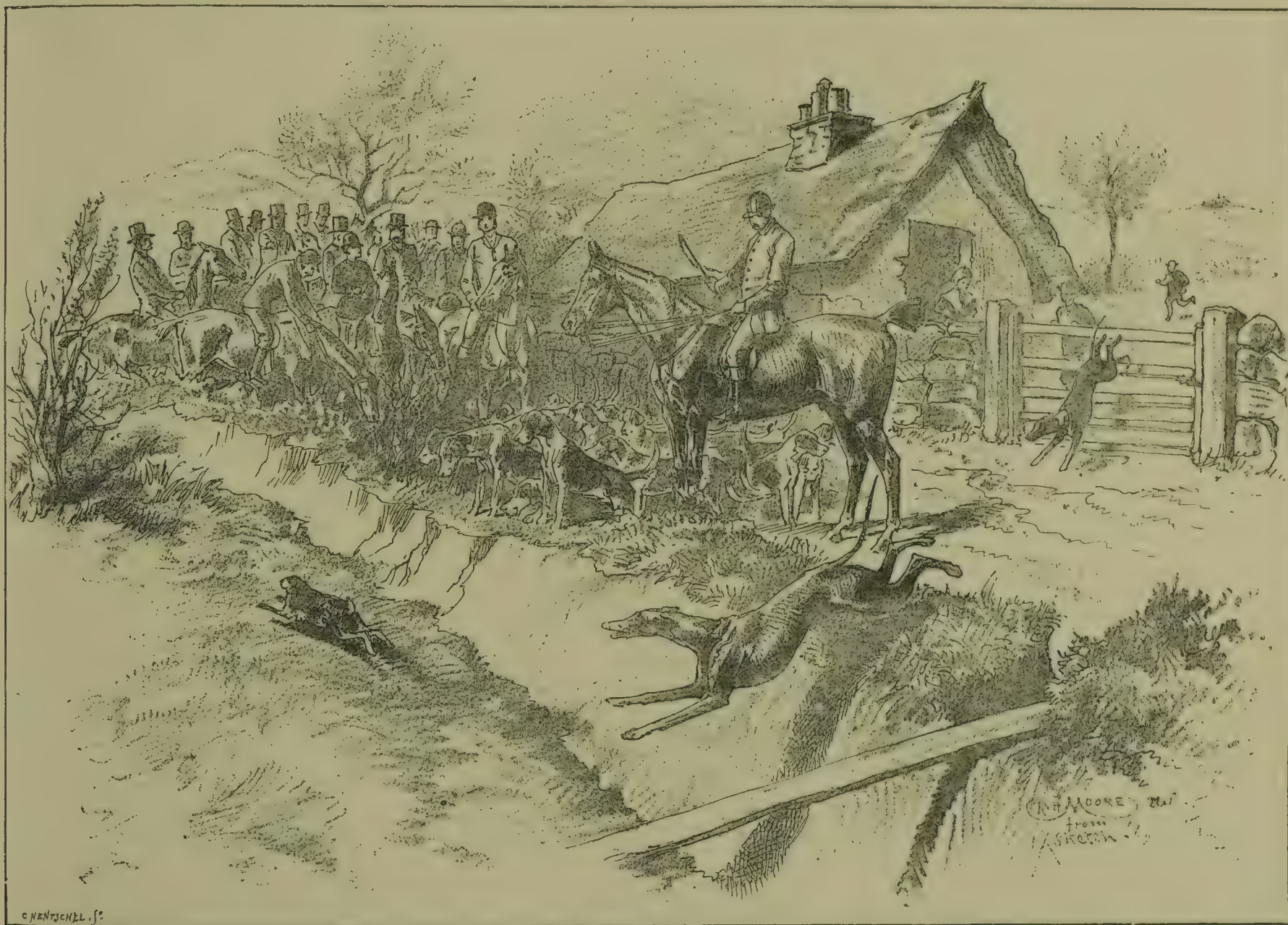
In his charming essay on "Old China," Charles Lamb represents his "cousin Bridget" (the *umbr* or *eidolon* which stands for his sister Mary) as lamenting, in their latter days of competence, the good old times when they were not so rich, but, she is sure, considerably happier. "A purchase," she says, "is but a purchase now that we have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury (and oh, how much ado I had to get you to consent in those times!) we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the *for* and *against*, and think what we might spare it out of, and what saving we could hit upon that should be an equivalent." These be words of wisdom. I, for one, am often inclined to think that the poor do not know when they are well off. They are too much given, I fear, to unchristianly feelings of envy, malice, and uncharitableness, because Dives rides in his carriage, and the wife of

Dives gets her dresses from Worth; too much given to hanker after riches, though the divine and the moralist are always insisting on their inadequacy to make a man happy. They do not realise the pleasures of being poor—of course I do not mean poor with the poverty that starves in the street and dies in the workhouse, but poor as our wealthy neighbours count those unfortunates whose yearly income lies within a modest three hundred—poor, that is, with the poverty of thousands and tens of thousands in this England of ours, who, nevertheless, are not inscribed on any paupers' list, but pay rates and taxes, and present a decent face to the world.

One may be allowed to doubt whether the rich ever enjoy anything—even their riches. To value a thing sincerely you must first have experienced the want of it, and must have made some sacrifice to get it; when all the good things of life are poured out at your feet without any personal effort of your own, it is surely impossible to feel any pleasure in their ownership. 'Tis when your means are as limited as a Gascon's modesty, when you must prune here and pinch there before you can venture on the smallest purchase beyond your daily regulated expenditure, that you begin to appreciate the joy of possession. Kisses given cheaply are held lightly. The school-boy who, with the self-denial of a Stoic, saves up a penny a week to buy a fearful pocket-knife—with six blades, a corkscrew, a corn-cutter, a button-hook, and a gimlet—learns to look upon it with a joy as intense as the young mother feels when first handling her new-born babe—with a joy unknown to the man who bids hundreds of pounds for a time-worn Elzevir, and scribbles in payment a cheque upon his banker. Here, then, is one of the pleasures of being poor. Almost

everything you acquire brings with it a high satisfaction, because it has been acquired slowly and painfully; and, recalling the efforts you have made of self-denial, patience, and perseverance, you naturally invest the acquisition with the reflected glory of these most admirable virtues.

Let us suppose that you take a saunter down Regent-street, closely examining the shops as you pass along. What a world of speculation immediately opens before you! That diamond parure—how it would become your Kate! That Liberty silk—just the colour for her mother! That edition of Tennyson in morocco—how Alice would revel in it! Well, everything lies at your disposal (in imagination). All the contents of all the glittering windows are yours—for the time being; and you may decide to give away this to one friend and that to another with an entirely liberal hand—you have no occasion to stint your gifts when they cost you nothing; or you may compare them in quality and price with any standard you choose to set up—there is no possible let or hindrance: you are monarch of all you survey. And the best of it is, that you may occupy exactly the same position, and enjoy the same feast of imagination, to-morrow, and the day after, and every day; whereas your rich man can but buy once the thing he covets, and there's an end. Who does not see that the advantage lies with you, my friend? Day after day you enjoy the pleasures of imagination—of anticipation; you renew them as often as you look in the shop-windows; you see everything in a succession of new lights; you can change at will the disposal or distribution of your imaginary gifts, and all this without once putting your hand into your pocket. Lucky man! Even Cræsus could hardly buy up all the wares



THE HUNTING SEASON: AN INCIDENT WITH THE WARD UNION HOUNDS.

in the shops of Regent-street or Bond-street—yet they are yours to do as you like with—to plan imaginary surprises with them for those you love, to expend them in the myriad ways your fertile fancy may suggest.

Meanwhile, you are under no anxiety about their custody. All that responsibility is obligingly taken off your shoulders by the tradesmen who profess to be their proprietors or vendors. According to the old Latin proverb, the penniless traveller (*vacuus viator*) sings before the thief; and you may sing the newest song by Stephen Adams or from the last Savoy opera without fear of burglar, cracksman, magsman or garotter. The "gross inefficiency" of the London police, the defective intelligence of Scotland-yard, the hopeless incapacity of the Home Office—so eloquently demonstrated by the *Morning Jupiter* and the *Evening Juno*—shall not move you even to a momentary spasm. You need no "Griffiths' Safe," no "Chubb's Locks," no electric alarms, no loaded revolvers—you are "vacuus," happy man! and may sleep the sleep of the just. The diamonds and the Liberty silks, the gold plate and the exquisite crystal, the Oriental curtains and the Japanese vases—others are diligently guarding them, and they will all be on show again to-morrow for your behoof. Such, my friend, is the advantage of being poor.

Again: to quote one of those adages which combine "the wisdom of many and the wit of one," you can't eat your cake and have it. When a thing is once your own, the pleasure of anticipating its possession ceases. Cræsus buys the diamond parure, and it no longer interests him. You don't—and have the luxury of daily speculation as to what you will do with it when—yes, *when*—but as the sentence never completes itself you are provided with what is virtually an inexhaustible source of enjoyment! I believe the philosophers have decided that the pleasures of anticipation far surpass those of realisation. When a man is born rich, or—as brewer, contractor, money-lender, company-projector, and the like—has made

himself rich, I can't for the life of me see what more he can *be* or *do*. He may grow richer, but the process has no novelty in it; whereas your poor man has always something to wait for and look forward to—has always the diversion that is to be got out of inventing channels for the expenditure of his riches if he ever possess them; and can invariably rely upon the resources of his imagination—for which he cannot be too thankful, since, when it fails us—

We know not where is that Promethean torch  
That can its light illumine.

It may seem, at first sight, to count against the poor man that he has no stately mansion or fair demesne of his own; but then, you see, he can do what he likes with his neighbour's. He can (in imagination) put in a bow-window where the builder has inserted a square one, or add to the dignity of the elevation by a (supposititious) row of Corinthian pillars or an (ideal) architrave. He may plant an imaginary shrubbery where Lucullus has laid out a lawn, and construct a sunny terrace where Cræsus has built a range of *bling*. He can move Timon's villa (in fancy) to another site, and raise a luxurious summer-palace on the vacated ground. This imaginary kind of architecture costs nothing, and pleases immensely. He is free, moreover, to traverse noble parks—where the trees spread their leafy boughs to protect him from the ardent noon, and the lake shines like a mirror to enchant his gaze, and the deer lift their antlered pride to move his admiration—with the knowledge that he is much better off than their owners; for they cost him neither headache nor heartache—not a tremor of anxiety, not a twinge of conscience. "The misery of those that are born great!" cries Webster's Duchess of Malfi. "The happiness of those that live poor!" say I.

For no hungry relatives hunt you down to wheedle or bully you into giving them of your substance; no expectant heir calculates on the possible result of your next "chill" or latest

"fad" in patent nostrums; no philanthropists undermine your happiness with proposals for regenerating humanity (at your expense); obsequious greed fawns not upon you, nor does fulsome servility disgust you with your fellow-men. Scandal leaves you alone; gossip does not trifle with your name and fame; no "interviewer" drags out of you your secret weaknesses. 'Tis true that at church you are shown into the draughtiest seat, that the churchwarden eyes you with apathy and the pew-opener with suspicion; but then, "the plate" passes you by, or if you drop into it a "drachma," there are none to comment upon the smallness of your alms. When you desire the pleasures of reading, there are free libraries at your command. If you wish for an evening with the Dramatic Muse, you can hear in the gallery as well as in the stalls, or some kind friend may send you "an order." Are you athirst for the Freemasonry of Nature? There are green lanes and breezy commons and leafy valleys which will admit you without fees or rites of initiation. The truth is, the world belongs much more to the poor man than to the rich; and the former holds his much larger share of it with a freedom from tribulation which the latter must surely envy. He can say with Horace, "*Mea Virtute me involvo, probamque Pauperiem sine dote quero*," and it is good for him to be able to say it. So that if the reader will but consider the subject seriously and comprehensively, balancing advantages (*plus*) against disadvantages (*minus*), I have a conviction that he will acknowledge the wisdom of the American millionaire, who recently expressed his determination "not to die rich"; though, by-the-way, I have not heard that Mr. Carnegie is as sensible as one would wish him to be of "the pleasures of being poor!"

W. H. D.-A.

The Marquis of Salisbury has been elected High Steward of Great Yarmouth, in succession to the late Sir E. H. K. Lacon, Bart.



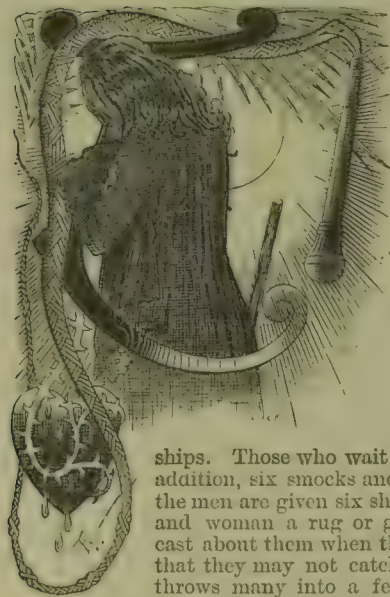
## FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.\*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBSON,"  
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON.



HUS delivered from the slavery of the fields, I began to work, an unprofitable servant, among those whomadeandmended the garments of the servants and negroes. On an estate so large as this there is always plenty to be done by the sempstresses and needlewomen. Thus, to every woman is given by the year four smocks, two petticoats, and four coifs, besides shoes which are brought from England by the

ships. Those who wait in the house have, in addition, six smocks and three waistcoats. To the men are given six shirts; and to every man and woman a rug or gown of thick stuff to cast about them when they come home hot, so that they may not catch cold—a thing which throws many into a fever. All these things have to be made and mended on the estate.

As for the children, the little blacks, they run about without clothing, their black skin sufficing. The women who are engaged upon the work of sewing are commonly those of the white servants, who are not strong enough for the weeding and hoeing in the fields, or are old and past hard work. Yet the stuff of which the smocks and shirts are made is so coarse that it tore the skin from my fingers, which, when Madam saw, she brought me fine work—namely, for herself. She was also so good as to provide me with a change of clothes, of which I stood sadly in need, and excused my wearing the dress of the other women. I hope that I am not fond of fine apparel, more than becomes a modest woman, but I confess that the thought of wearing this livery of servitude, this coarse and common dress of smock, petticoat, and coif, all of rough and thick stuff, like canvas, with a pair of shoes and no stockings, filled my very soul with dismay. None of the many acts of kindness shown me by Madam was more gratefully received than her present of clothes—not coarse and rough to the skin; nor ugly and common, befitting prisoners and criminals, but soft and pleasant to wear and fit for the heat of the climate. 'Twas no great hardship, certainly, to rise early and to sit all day with needle and thread in a great room well aired. The company, to be sure, was not what one would have chosen; nor was the language of the poor creatures who sat with me—prison and Bridewell birds, or negro slaves—such as my poor mother would have desired her daughter to hear. The food was coarse; but I was often at the house (when the master was away), and there Madam would constantly give me something from her own table, a dish of chocolate (rightly called the Indian nectar) made so thick and strong that a spoon stands upright in it, or a glass of Madeira, if my cheeks looked paler than ordinary. In this country the great heat of the air seems to suck out and devour the heat of the body, so that those of European birth, if they are not nourished on generous diet, presently fall into a decline or wasting away, as is continually seen in the case of white servants, both men and women, who die early, and seldom last more than five or six years.

Briefly, Madam seemed to take great pleasure in my conversation, and would either seek me in the work-room or would have me to the house asking questions as to my former life. For herself, I learned that she was born in Cuba and had been brought up by nuns in a convent; but how or why she came to this place I knew not, nor did I ask. Other gentlemen of the island I never saw, and I think there were none who visited her. Nor did she show kindness to the women servants (except to myself), treating them all, as is the fashion in that country, as if they were so many black negroes, not condescending to more than a word or a command; and if this were disobeyed, they knew very well what to expect from her. But to me she continued throughout to be kind and gracious, thinking always how she could lighten my lot.

In this employment, therefore, I continued with such contentment as may be imagined, which was rather a forced resignation to the will of the Lord than a cheerful heart. But I confess that I looked upon the lot of the other women with horror, and was thankful indeed that I was spared the miseries of those who go forth to the fields. They begin at six in the morning and work until eleven, when they come home to dinner: at one o'clock they go out again and return at sunset, which, in this country, is nearly always about half-past six. But let no one think that work in the fields at Barbadoes may be compared with work in the fields at home; for in England there are cloudy skies and cold wintry days in plenty, but in Barbadoes, save when the rain falls in prodigious quantities, the skies have no clouds, but are clear blue all the year round: the sun burns with a heat intolerable, so that the eyes are wellnigh blinded, the head aches, the limbs fail, and but for fear of the lash the wretched toiler would lie down in the nearest shade. And a terrible thirst (all this was told me by the girl Deb) seizes the throat, all day long, which nothing can assuage but rest. For the least skulking under the whip is laid on; and if there be a word of impatience or murmuring, it is called stark mutiny, for which the miserable convict, man or woman, is tied up and flogged with a barbarity which would be incredible to any were it not for the memory of certain flogging in our own country. Besides the lash they have also the pillory and the stocks, and the overseers carry in addition to their whip a heavy cane, with which they constantly belabour the slaves both white and black. I say "slaves," because the white servants are nothing less, save that the negroes are far better off and receive infinitely better treatment than the poor white creatures. Indeed, the negro being the absolute property of his master, both he and his children, to ill-treat him is like the wanton destruction of cattle on a farm; whereas there is no reason in making the convicts last out more than the ten years of their servitude or even so long, because many of them are such poor creatures when they arrive, and so reduced by the miseries of the voyage, and so exhausted by the hard labour to which they are put that they bring no profit to the master, but quickly fall ill and die like rotten sheep. Like rotten sheep, I say, they die, without a word of Christian exhortation; and like brute creatures who have no world to

come are they buried in the ground! Again, the food served out to these poor people is not such as should be given to white people in a hot climate. There is nothing but water to drink and that drawn from ponds, because in Barbadoes there are few springs or rivers. It is true that the old hands, who have learned how to manage, contrive to make plantain wine, and get, by hook or by crook, mobbie (which is a strong drink made from potatoes), or kill-devil, which is the new spirit distilled from sugar. Then, for solid food, the servants are allowed five pounds of salt beef for each person every week, and this so hard and stringy that no boiling will make it soft enough for the teeth. Sometimes, instead of the beef, they have as much salt fish, for the most part stinking; with this a portion of ground Indian corn, which is made into a kind of porridge and called loblollie. This is the staple of the food, and there are no rustics at home who do not live better and have more nourishing food.

I do not deny that the convicts are for the most part a most horrid crew, who deserve to suffer if any men ever did; but it was sad to see how the faces of the people were pinched with hunger and wasted with the daily fatigues, and how their hollow eyes were full of despair. Whatever their sins may have been, they were at least made in God's own image: no criminal, however wicked, should have been used with such barbarity as was wreaked upon the people of this estate. The overseers were chosen (being themselves also convicts) for their hardness of heart. Nay, did they show the least kindness towards the poor creatures whom they drove they would themselves be forced to lay down the whip of office and to join the gang of those who toiled. And over them was the master, jealous to exact the last ounce of strength from the creatures whom he had bought. Did the good people of Bristol who buy the sugar and molasses and tobacco of the Indies know or understand the tears of despair and the sweat of agony which are forced with every pound of sugar, they would abhor the trade which makes them rich.

The companion of my sleeping-but, the girl Deb, was a great, strapping wench, who bade fair to outlast her ten years of servitude, even under the treatment to which, with the rest, she was daily subjected. And partly because she was strong and active, partly because she had a certain kind of beauty (the kind which belongs to the rustic, and is accompanied by good-humour and laughter), she would perhaps have done well, as some of the women do, and ended by marrying an overseer, but for events which presently happened. Yet, strong as she was, there was no evening when she did not return worn out with fatigue, her cheeks burning, her limbs weary, yet happy because she had one more day escaped the lash, and had the night before her in which to rest. If it is worth noting, the women were from the outset the most willing workers, and the most eager to satisfy their taskmasters; the men, on the other hand, went sullen and downcast, thinking only how to escape the overseer's whip, and going through the work with angry and revengeful eyes. I think that some great mutiny might have happened upon this estate—some wild revenge—so desperate were these poor creatures and so horrible were the scourgings they endured, and the shrieks and curses which they uttered. Let me not speak of these things.

There are other things which make residence in Barbadoes, even to the wealthy, full of annoyances and irritations. The place is filled with cockroaches, great spiders, horrid scorpions, centipedes, and lizards. There are ants which swarm everywhere and there are clouds of flies, and at night there are moskeetos and merrywings, which by their bites have been known to drive new-comers into fever, or else into a kind of madness.

In the evenings after supper there reigned a melancholy silence in the village, the people for the most part taking rest with weary limbs. Sometimes there would be a quarrel, with horrid oaths and curses and perhaps some fighting; but these occasions were rare.

From the house there came often the noise of singing, drinking, and loud talking when other planters would ride over for a drinking bout. There was also sometimes to be heard the music of the theorbo, upon which Madam played very sweetly, singing Spanish songs; so that it seemed a pity for music so sweet to be thrown away upon this selfish crew. It made me think of Humphrey, and of the sweet and holy thoughts which he would put into rhymes, and then fit the rhymes with music which seemed to breathe those very thoughts. Alas! In the village of Bradford Orcas there would be now silence and desolation! The good old Squire dead, my father dead, the young men sent to the Plantations, no one left at all but the Rector and Madam his sister-in-law, and I, alas! a slave. Perchance at that moment the Rector might be slowly drawing his bow across the strings of his violoncello thinking of those who formerly played with him; or perhaps he would be sorrowfully taking out his cases and gazing for a little consolation upon the figures of his goddesses and his nymphs. Only to think of the place, and of those who once lived there, tore my poor heart to pieces.

One evening, when there was a great noise and talking at the house, while we were sitting upon our beds with no other light than that of the moon, Madam herself came to the cottage.

"Child," she said, "nothing will do but that the gentlemen must see thy beauty. Nay, no harm shall happen while I am there: so much they know. But he hath so bragged about thy beauty and the great price he will demand for ransom that the rest are mad to see thee. I swear that not the least rudeness shall be offered thee. They are drinking, it is true; but they are not yet drunk. Come!"

So I arose and followed her. First, she took me to her own room, where she took off my hood and threw over me a long white lace mantilla, which covered my head and fell over my shoulders and below the waist.

She sighed as she looked at me.

"Poor innocent!" she said. "If money could buy that face, there is not a man in the room but would give all he hath and count it gain. Canst thou play or sing?"

I told her that I had some knowledge of the theorbo. Therefore she brought me hers, and bade me sing to the gentlemen and then retire quickly. So I followed her into the living or keeping room, where a dozen gentlemen were sitting round the table. A bowl of punch was on the table, and every man had his glass before him, and a pipe of tobacco in his hand. Some of their faces were flushed with wine.

"Gentlemen," said Madam, "our prisoner hath consented to sing one song to you, after which she will ask permission to bid you good-night."

So they all clapped their hands and rapped the table, and I, being indeed terrified, but knowing very well that to show fear would be the worst thing I could do, touched the strings and began my song. I sang the song which Humphrey made, and which he sang to the officers at Taunton when the Duke was there.

When I finished, I gave back the theorbo to Madam, curtsied to the gentlemen, and quickly stepped back to Madam's room, while they all bellowed and applauded and roared for me to come back again. But I put on my hood and slipped out to the cottage, where I lay down beside Deb, and quickly fell asleep. (It is a great happiness, in these hot

latitudes, that, when a new-comer hath once got over the trouble of the merrywings, he falleth asleep the moment he lies down, and so sleeps through the whole night.)

But in the morning Madam came to see me while I was sewing.

"Well, Child," she said, laughing, "thou hast gotten a lover who swears that he will soon have thee out of this hell!"

"A lover!" I cried. "Nay!—that may God forbid!"

"'Tis true. Young Mr. Anstiss it is. While thou wast singing he gazed on thy pretty face and listened as one enchanted. I wonder—but no!—thou hast no eyes for such things. And when thou wast gone he offered the master four times the sum he paid for thee—yea, four times—or six times—saying that he meant honourably, and that if any man dared to whisper anything to the contrary he would cut his throat."

"Alas! Madam. I must never marry—either this Mr. Anstiss or any other."

"Tut—tut. This is foolish maid's nonsense. Granted you have lost your old lover, there are plenty more. Suppose he hath lost his old sweetheart, there are plenty more—as I doubt not he hath already proved. Mr. Anstiss is a very pretty young gentleman; but the master would not listen, saying that he waited for the lady's friends."

And so passed six weeks, or thereabouts, for the only count of time I kept was from Sunday to Sunday. On that day we rested; the negroes, who are no better than heathens, danced. The white servants lay about in the shade, and drank what they could; in one cottage only on that godless estate were prayers offered.

And then happened that great event which, in the end, proved to be a change in my whole life, and brought happiness out of misery, and joy out of suffering, though at first it seemed only a dreadful addition to my trouble. Thus is the course of things ordered for us, and thus the greatest blessings follow upon the most threatening juncture. What this was I will tell in a few words.

It was about the third week in September when I embarked, and about the third week in November when the ship made her port. Therefore, I take it that it was one day about the beginning of the year 1686, when Madam came to the work-room and told me that a ship had arrived carrying a cargo of two hundred rebels and more, sent out to work upon the Plantations, like myself, for the term of ten years. She also told me that the master was gone to the Bridge in order to buy some of them. Not, she said, that he wanted more hands; but he expected that there would be among them persons of quality, who would be glad to buy their freedom. He still, she told me, looked to make a great profit out of myself, and was thinking to sell me, unless my friends in England speedily sent proposals for my ransom, to the young planter who was in love with me. This did not displease me. I have not thought it necessary to tell how Mr. Anstiss came often to the estate, and continually devised schemes for looking at me, going to the Ingenio, whence he could see those who sat in the work-room, and even sending me letters, vowing the greatest extravagance of passion—I say I was not displeased, because there was in this young gentleman's face a certain goodness of disposition clearly marked; so that even if I became his property I thought I might persuade him to relinquish thoughts of love, even if I had to trust myself entirely to his honour and tell him all. But, as you shall hear, this project of the master's was brought to naught.

As for the rebels, I was curious to see them. Some I might recognise; to some I might perhaps be of a little use at the outset in guarding them against dangers. I did not fear, or think it likely, that there would be any among them whom I might know or who might know me. Yet the thing which I least suspected, and the least feared—a thing which one would have thought so unlikely as to make the event a miracle—nay, call it rather the merciful ordering of all—that thing, I say, actually happened.

The newly-bought servants arrived at about five in the evening.

I looked out of the work-room to see them. Why, I seemed to know their faces—all their faces! They were our brave West Country lads, whom I had last seen marching gallantly out of Taunton town to victory and glory (as they believed). Now—pale with the miseries of the voyage, thin with bad food and disease, hollow-cheeked and hollow-eyed, in rags and dirt, barefooted, covered with dust, grimy for want of washing, their beards grown all over their faces—with hanging heads, stood these poor fellows. There were thirty of them; some had thrown themselves on the ground, as if in the last extremity of fatigue; some stood with the patience that one sees in brute beasts who are waiting to be killed; and in a group together stood three—oh! merciful Heaven! was this misery also added to my cup?—they were Robin, Barnaby, and Humphrey! Robin's face, heavy and pale, betrayed the sorrow of his soul. He stood as one who neither careth for nor regardeth anything. My heart fell like lead to witness the despair which was visible in his attitude, in his eyes, in his brow. But Barnaby showed still a cheerful countenance and looked about him, as if he was arriving a welcome guest instead of a slave.

"You know any of them, Child?" Madam asked.

"Oh! Madam," I cried; "they are my friends—they are my friends. Oh! help them—help them!"

"How can I help them?" she replied coldly. "They are rebels, and they are justly punished. Let them write home for money if they have friends, and so they can be ransomed. To make them write the more movingly, the master hath resolved to send them all to work in the fields. 'The harder they work,' he says, 'the more they will desire to be free again.'"

In the fields! Oh! Robin—my poor Robin!

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

## HUMPHREY'S NARRATIVE.

With these words—"Oh! Robin! Robin!"—the history; as set down in my Mistress's handwriting, suddenly comes to an end. The words are fitting, because her whole heart was full of Robin, and though at this time it seemed to the poor creature a sin still to nourish affection for her old sweetheart, I am sure—nay, I have it on her own confession—that there was never an hour in the waking day when Robin was not in her mind, though between herself and her former lover stood the dreadful figure of her husband. I suppose that, although she began this work with the design to complete it, she had not the courage, even when years had passed away and much earthly happiness had been her reward, to write down the passages which follow. Wherefore (and for another reason—namely, a confession which must be made by myself before I die) I have taken upon myself to finish that part of Alice Eykin's history which relates to the Monmouth rising and its unhappy consequences. You have read how (thanks to my inexperience and ignorance of conspiracies, and belief in men's promises) we were reduced to the lowest point of disgrace and poverty. Alice did not tell, because till afterwards she did not know, that on Sir Christopher's death his estate was declared confiscated, and presently bestowed upon Benjamin by favour





DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

*I, being indeed terrified, but knowing very well that to show fear would be the worst thing I could do, touched the strings and began my song.*

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.



of Lord Jeffreys; so that he whose ambition it was to become Lord Chancellor was already (which he had not expected) the Lord of the Manor of Bradford Orcas. But of this hereafter.

I have called her my Mistress. Truly, all my life she hath been to me more than was ever Laura to Petrarch, or even Beatrice to the great Florentine. The ancients represented every virtue by a Goddess, a Grace, or a Nymph. Nay, the Arts were also feminine (yet subject to the informing influence of the other sex, as the Muses had Apollo for their director and chief). To my mind every generous sentiment, every worthy thought, all things that are gracious, all things that lift my soul above the common herd, belong not to me, but to my Mistress. In my youth it was she who encouraged me to the practice of those arts by which the soul is borne heavenwards—I mean the arts of poetry and of music: it was she who listened patiently when I would still be prating of myself, and encouraged the ambitions which had already seized my soul. So that if I turned a set of verses smoothly, it was to Alice that I gave them, and for her that I wrote them. When we played heavenly music together, the thoughts inspired by the strain were like the Italian painter's vision of the angels which attend the Virgin—I mean that, sweet and holy as the angels are, they fall far short of the holiness and sweetness of her whom they honour. So, whatever my thoughts or my ambitions, amidst them all I saw continually the face of Alice, always filled with candour and with sweetness. That quality which enables a woman to think always about others, and never about herself, was given to Alice in large and plenteous measure. If she talked with me, her soul was all mine. If she was waiting on Madam, or upon Sir Christopher, or upon the Rector, or on her own mother, she knew their inmost thoughts and divined all their wants. Nay, long afterwards, in the daily exercise of work and study, at the University of Oxford, in the foreign schools of Montpellier, Padua, and Leyden, it was Alice who, though faraway, encouraged me. I could no longer hear her voice; but her steadfast eyes remained in my mind like twin stars that dwell in heaven. This is a wondrous power given to a few women, that they should become as it were angels sent from heaven, lent to the earth a while, in order to fill men's minds with worthy thoughts, and to lead them in the heavenly way. The Romish Church holds that the age of miracles hath never passed; which I do also believe, but not in the sense taught by that Church. Saints there are among us still, who daily work miracles, turning earthly clay into the jasper and the precious marble of heaven!

Again, the great poet Milton hath represented his virtuous lady unharmed among the rabble rout of Comus, protected by her virtue alone. Pity that he hath not also shown a young man led by that sweet lady, encouraged, warned, and guarded along that narrow way, beset with quag and pitfall, along which he must walk who would willingly climb to higher place! And all this apart from earthly love, as in the case of those two Italian poets.

More, I confess, I would have had, and presumptuously longed for it—nay, even prayed for it with such yearnings and longings as seemed to tear my very heart asunder. But this was denied to me.

In September, 1685, ten weeks after the flight of Sedgemoor, we, being by that time well tired of Exeter Prison, were tried by Lord Jeffreys. It was no true trial, for we were all advised to plead guilty, upon which the Judge bellowed and roared at us, abusing us in such language as I never thought to hear from the bench, and finally sentenced us all to death. (A great deal has been said of this roaring of the Judge, but I am willing to excuse it in great measure, on the ground of the disease from which he was then suffering. I myself, who had heard that he was thus afflicted, saw the drops of agony upon his forehead, and knew that if he was not bawling at us he must have been roaring on his own account.) So we were marched back to prison and began to prepare for the last ceremony, which is, I think, needlessly horrible and barbarous. To cut a man open while he is still living is a thing not practised even by the savage Turk. At this gloomy time my cousin Robin set a noble example of fortitude which greatly encouraged the rest of us. Nor would he ever suffer me to reproach myself (as I was continually tempted to do) with having been the cause of the ruin which had fallen upon the whole of our unfortunate house. Nay, he went further, and insisted, and would have it, that had I remained in Holland he himself would have joined the Duke, and that I was in no way to blame as an inciter to this unfortunate act. We knew by this time that Sir Christopher had been arrested and conveyed to Ilminster Jail, and that with him were Dr. Eykin, grievously wounded, and Barnaby; and that Alice, with her mother, was also at Ilminster. Mr. Boscorel, for his part, was gone to London in order to exert whatever interest he might possess on behalf of all. With him went Madam, Robin's mother; but she returned before the trial, much dejected, so that we were not encouraged to hope for anything from that quarter. Madam began to build some hopes at this time from Benjamin, because he, who had accompanied the Judges from London, was the boon companion every night of Lord Jeffreys himself. But it is one thing to be permitted to drink and sing with a great man at night, and another thing to procure of him the pardon of rebels (and those not the common sort, but leaders and captains). That Benjamin would attempt to save us, I did not doubt; because in common decency and humanity he must needs try to save his grandfather and his cousins. But that he would effect anything—that, indeed, I doubted. Whether he did make an attempt, I know not. He came not to the prison, nor did he make any sign that he knew we were among the prisoners. What he contrived, the plot which he laid, and the villainy with which he carried it out, you have already read. Well, I shall have much more to say about Benjamin. For the moment, let him pass.

I say, then, that we were lying in Exeter Jail expecting to be called out for execution at any hour. We were sitting in the courtyard on the stone bench with gloomy hearts.

"Robin—Humphrey—lads both!" cried a voice we knew. It was the Rector, Mr. Boscorel himself, who called us. "Courage, lads!" he cried (yet looked himself as mournful as man can look). "I bring you good news—I have this day ridden from Ilminster (there is other news not so good)—good news, I say: for you shall live, and not die! I have so far succeeded that the lives are spared of Robin Challis, Captain in the Rebel Cavalry; Barnaby Eykin, Captain of the Green Regiment; and Humphrey Challis, Chyrurgeon to the Duke. Yet must you go to the Plantations—poor lads!—there to stay for ten long years. Well, we will hope to get your pardon and freedom long before that time is over. Yet you must, perforce, sail across the seas."

"Lad," cried Robin, catching my hand, "cease to tear thy heart with reproaches! See! none of us will die, after all." "On the scaffold, none," said Mr. Boscorel. "On the scaffold, none," he repeated.

"And what saith my grandfather, Sir?" Robin asked. "He is also enlarged, I hope, at last. And how is the learned Dr. Eykin?" and Alice—my Alice—where is she?"

"Young men," said the Rector, "prepare for tidings of the worst—yes; of the very worst. Cruel news I bring to

you, boys; and for myself"—he hung his head—"cruel news, shameful news!"

Alas! you know already what he had to tell us. Worse than the death of that good old man, Sir Christopher; worse than the death of the unfortunate Dr. Eykin and his much-tried wife; there was the news of Alice's marriage and of her flight, and at hearing this we looked at each other in dismay, and Robin sprang to his feet and cried aloud for vengeance upon the villain who had done this thing.

"It is my own son," said Mr. Boscorel: "yet spare him not! He deserves all that you can call him, and more. Shameful news I had to tell you. Where the poor child hath found a retreat or how she fares, I know not. Robin, ask me not to curse my own son—what is done will bring its punishment in due time. Doubt it not. But of punishment we need not speak. If there were any way—any way possible—out of it! But there is none. It is a fatal blow. Death itself alone can release her. Consider, Humphrey, consider; you are not so distracted as your cousin. Consider, I say, that unhappy girl is Benjamin's lawful wife. If he can find her, he may compel her to live with him. She is his lawful wife, I say. It is a case in which there is no remedy; it is a wickedness for which there is no help, until one of the twain shall die."

There was indeed no help or remedy possible. I will not tell of the madness which fell upon Robin at this news, nor of the distracted things he said, nor how he wept for Alice at one moment and the next cursed the author of this wickedness. There was no remedy. Yet Mr. Boscorel solemnly promised to seek out the poor innocent girl, forced to break her vows for the one reason which could excuse her—namely, to save the lives of all she loved.

"They were saved already," Mr. Boscorel added. "He knew that they were saved. He had seen me; he had the news that I brought from London; he knew it; and he lied unto her! There is no single particular in which his wickedness can be excused or defended. Yet, I say, curses are of no avail. The Hand of God is heavy upon all sinners, and will presently fall upon my unhappy son—I pray that before that Hand shall fall his heart may be touched with repentance."

But Robin fell into a melancholy from which it was impossible to arouse him. He who, while death upon the scaffold seemed certain, was cheerful and brave, now, when his life was spared, sat heavy and gloomy, speaking to no one; or if he spoke, then in words of rage and impatience.

Mr. Boscorel remained at Exeter, visiting us daily until the time came when we were removed. He brought with him one day a smooth-tongued gentleman in sober attire who was, he told us, a West Indian merchant of Bristol, named George Penne. (You have read, and know already, how great a villain was this man.)

"This gentleman," said Mr. Boscorel, "is able and willing, for certain considerations, to assist you in your exile. You have been given (among many others) by the King to one Mr. Jerome Nipho, who hath sold all his convicts to this gentleman. In his turn, he is under bonds to ship you for the Plantations, where you will be sold again to the planters."

"Sirs," Mr. Penne looked from one to the other of us with compassionate eyes, "I have heard your melancholy case, and it will be to my great happiness if I may be able in any way to soften the rigours of your exile. Be it known to you that I have correspondents in Jamaica, Barbadoes, and Virginia, and that for certain sums of money these—my friends—will readily undertake to make your servitude one merely in name. In other words, as I have already informed his Reverence, I have bought you in the hope of being useful to you (I wish I could thus buy all unhappy prisoners), and I can, on paying my friends what they demand, secure to you freedom from labour, subject only to the condition of remaining abroad until your term is expired, or your friends at home have procured your pardon."

"As for the price, Humphrey," said Mr. Boscorel, "that shall be my care. It is nearly certain that Sir Christopher's estates will be confiscated, seeing that he died in prison under the charge of high treason, though he was never tried. Therefore we must not look to his lands for any help. What this gentleman proposes is, however, so great a thing that we must not hesitate to accept his offer gratefully."

"I must have," said Mr. Penne, "seventy pounds for each prisoner. I hear that there is a third young gentleman of your party now in the same trouble at Ilminster; I shall therefore ask for two hundred guineas—two hundred guineas in all. It is not a large sum in order to secure freedom. Those who cannot obtain this relief have to work in the fields or in the mills under the hot sun of the Spanish Main; they are subject to the whip of the overseer; they have wretched food; they are worse treated than the negroes, because the latter are slaves for life and the former for ten years only. By paying two hundred guineas only you will all be enabled to live at your ease. Meanwhile, your friends at home will be constantly endeavouring to procure your pardon. I myself, though but a simple merchant of Bristol City, can boast some influence, which I will most readily exert to the utmost in your behalf."

"Say no more, Sir," said Mr. Boscorel, interrupting him; "the bargain is concluded. These young gentlemen shall not be subjected to any servitude; I will pay you two hundred guineas."

"I would, Sir"—Mr. Penne laid his hand, which was large, white, and soft, the hand of a liar and a traitor, upon his treacherous heart—"I would to Heaven, Sir," he said, "that I could undertake this service for less. If my correspondents were men of tender hearts, the business should cost you nothing at all. But they are men of business: they say that they live not abroad for pleasure, but for profit; they cannot forego any advantage that may offer. As for me, this job brings me no profit. Upon my honour, gentlemen, profit from such a source I should despise: every guinea that you give me will be placed to the credit of my correspondents, who will, I am assured, turn a pretty penny by the ransom of the prisoners. But that we cannot help. And as for me—I say it boldly in the presence of this learned and pious clergyman—I am richly rewarded with the satisfaction of doing a generous thing. That is enough, I hope, for any honest man."

The fellow looked so benevolent, and smiled with so much compassion, that it was impossible to doubt his word. Besides, Mr. Boscorel had learned many things during the journey to London; among others that it would be possible to buy immunity from labour for the convicts. Therefore, he hesitated not, but gave him what he demanded, taking in return a paper, which was to be shown to Mr. Penne's correspondents, in which he acknowledged the receipt of the money, and demanded in return a release from actual servitude. This paper I put carefully in my pocket with my note-book, and my case of instruments.

It was, so far as my memory serves me, about six weeks after our pardon was received when we heard that we were to be marched to Bristol, there to be shipped for some port or other across the ocean. At Taunton we were joined by a hundred poor fellows as fortunate as ourselves; and at Bridgwater by twenty more, whose lives had been bought by Colonel Kirke. Fortunate we esteemed ourselves; for

everywhere the roads were lined with legs, heads, trunks, and arms, boiled and blackened in pitch, stuck up for the terror of the country. Well; you shall judge how fortunate we were.

When we reached Bristol, we found Mr. Penne upon the Quay, with some other merchants. He changed colour when he saw us; but quickly ran to meet us, and whispered that we were on no account to betray his goodness in the matter of ransom, otherwise it might be the undoing of us all, and perhaps cause his own imprisonment. He also told me that the ship was bound for Barbadoes, and we should have to mess with the other prisoners on the voyage, but that it would all be made up to us when we arrived. He further added that he had requested his correspondents to entertain us until money should arrive from England, and to become our bankers for all that we should want. And with that he clasped my hand tenderly, and with a "God be wi' ye!" he left us, and we saw him no more.

(To be continued.)

Sir John Hardy Thursby, of Ormerod House, Burnley, who was High Sheriff of Lancashire in the Jubilee year, has presented to the town of Burnley twenty-eight acres of land near the centre of the town as the site for a public park. The value of the land is estimated at over £25,000.

A fine picture of "The Ascension," the work of Mr. Cave Thomas, who has been occupied with it two or three years, has been placed above the altar in Christ Church, Stafford-street, Marylebone. The artist, who has treated this religious theme somewhat in the manner of Raffaele's "Transfiguration," represents the Saviour's figure in the upper part of the picture rising above a golden cloud, below which are the Apostles, grouped around a rock at Bethany, St. Peter and St. John foremost; Christ is surrounded by angels, with wings of iridescent hues. The picture, which is of large size, 15 ft. high and 8 ft. 6 in. wide, is much admired as a work of art. Mr. Cave Thomas also painted the lunette picture in this church, and the twelve heads of the Apostles at the Russian Church in Welbeck-street.

Her Majesty's surveying-ship *Egeria*, under the command of Captain P. Aldrich, R.N., has, during a recent sounding cruise and search for reported banks to the south of the Friendly Islands, obtained two very deep soundings of 4295 fathoms and 4430 fathoms, equal to five English miles, respectively, the latter in latitude 24 deg. 37 min. S., longitude 175 deg. 8 min. W., the other about twelve miles to the southward. These depths are more than 1000 fathoms greater than any before obtained in the Southern Hemisphere, and are only surpassed, as far as is yet known, in three spots in the world—one of 4655 fathoms off the north-east coast of Japan, found by the United States steam-ship *Tuscarora*; one of 4475 fathoms south of the Ladrone Islands, by the *Challenger*; and one of 4561 fathoms north of Porto Rico, by the United States ship *Blake*. Captain Aldrich's soundings were obtained with a Lucas sounding machine and galvanised wire. The deeper one occupied three hours, and was obtained in a considerably-confused sea, a specimen of the bottom being successfully recovered. Temperature of the bottom, 33·7 deg. Fahr.

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## NOVELS.

*In Far Lochaber.* By William Black. Three vols. (Sampson Low and Co.).—Word-painting of romantic landscape, of sea-views and cloud-views, of mountain, moor, and wood, of loch and river, and the varied atmospheric effects of sunlight in the changeful, rainy climate of the West Highland shores, is practised by this author with continued success. He keeps also a fair stock of the different types of Scottish life and character—from the Lowland townsfolk, farmers, and Kirk elders or ministers, to the chivalrous lords of ancient lineage, usually retired military men from India, who are, perhaps, a survival of the Waverley period, with their gillies and other retainers of the primitive Celtic race, speaking a quaint and scanty dialect of English and plenty of native Gaelic. These materials afford piquant contrasts of social condition and behaviour, which Mr. Black can exhibit with humorous effect; while he is enabled, by the steam-boat and railway travelling of the modern West Highland tourists' route, to shift the scenes with much ease and convenience. It is not, in these days, "a far cry to Lochiel"; and "Far Lochaber," the adjacent district north of Ben Nevis, has been rendered very accessible. Fort William and its neighbourhood, where Alison Blair goes to stay with her aunts and uncle and cousins, suit the purposes of the novelist. A girl may incautiously embark on the loch in a small sailing-skiff with a reckless and stupid boy, and may be saved from capsizing in a squall by the gallant dexterity of Captain Macdonnell. The chief utility of the mountain-path is to lead her into perils, those of being caught in a thunder-storm, or lost in a fog on the verge of a precipice, or even—as in another recent novel—spraining her ankle, so that the desirable young gentleman may help her in distress, and may wrap her up in his own coat. Such adventures, besides admitting of picturesque description, are good narrative business, serving to make the hero and heroine feel that they belong to one another. It is a fine healthy way of bringing about the union of hearts, instead of the mutual exchange of sentimental reflections, or the comparison of drawing-room and ball-room experiences, attending the intimacy of some other young persons. Neither Alison nor Ludovick Macdonnell is much addicted to morbid self-inspection; and their companions, her Cousin Flora and Cousin Hugh, are high-spirited, active, cheerful, and delightful. Their parents, Dr. and Mrs. Munro, are very kind; but the most amusing person in the family is Aunt Gilchrist, a fiery little Scotchwoman with the warmest heart, the sharpest tongue, and the most innocent fits of petulance or rage when suffering from peripheral neuralgia, but who is an angel of goodness to Alison, and endows her with a sufficient fortune. All this is pleasant; and the cruel tricks of the sly and malicious Johnny, the boy-fiend of the village, are somewhat atoned by his devotion to Alison's service; but Far Lochaber is not the home of her birth. She is the daughter of a gloomy and fanatical Free Kirk minister in a dismal, smoky, grimy, manufacturing town of Lanarkshire, where a hideous, brutal elder, Mr. Cowan, and his cunning wife, are scheming to get her married to their son James, an idiotic candidate for the ministry. The worst of Alison's difficulties is that her noble Ludovick, a frank and manly young fellow, heir to his father's modest lairdship at Oyre, is a Roman Catholic like his Highland ancestry, and thereby fearfully obnoxious to all her Free Kirk folk. This situation presents, in a modified form, the same domestic problem as that of "A Daughter of Heth." We are not aware that the dread and dislike of Romanism prevailing among Scotch Presbyterians are more acrimonious in the Free Kirk than among the "U. P.'s" or the adherents to the Establishment in that country. Alison Blair, though at Kirk o' Shields a dutiful assistant to her father, and so demure there in her behaviour that her lively cousin has nicknamed her "Miss Dimity Puritan," does not bore her Highland friends with theological controversy. In fact, she does not object to play cards, to dance and sing and enjoy all innocent fun. She has, indeed, like several eminent literary Agnostics of this day, had her orthodox creed unaccountably sapped by "a patient study" of Paley and Butler, who would be surprised to know, in the present uneasy age, what an amount of scepticism their arguments are said to have produced. Dismissing these questions, which Mr. Black, a novelist of much tact, only touches very lightly, we observe that the stern and cruel opposition of the Free Kirk persuasion to Alison's Lochaber love is the mainspring of his interesting story. It arrives at a forcible situation by the peculiar facilities for love-matches through the Scottish process of legal marriage; Alison being of full age, she and Ludovick go one morning, with two witnesses, to the office of the Sheriff Depute, and sign a declaration, which is duly registered, and they are husband and wife. But a peremptory summons from her father calls her back that very day to Kirk o' Shields, where she is treated in a manner that we can hardly understand. Why should she consent to be handed over to Mrs. Cowan, taken away to Portobello, near Edinburgh, and kept a close prisoner until her lover, who is now her lawful husband, recaptures the helpless victim? Such an outrage might have been supposed impossible in the case of a young woman of independent spirit. Mr. Black seems, indeed, better acquainted with the laws of Scotland than we can pretend to be; and we learn something from his account of the conference with an Edinburgh lawyer. It appears that a husband so married can do no more to vindicate his rights than to sue his wife for a decision whether the contract of marriage is to be adhered to; and, when he could not discover her abode to serve notice of action upon her, the Court might be asked to summon her father, as a party to the concealment of her abode. The Rev. Mr. Blair would go to prison for contempt of Court if he obstinately stuck to the conspiracy; but Ludovick is dissuaded from so harsh a prosecution. Fortunately, by the sharpness of the boy Johnny, and by putting James Cowan, the booby divinity student, in terror for his precious life, the search for Mrs. Ludovick Macdonnell is at length successful, and she is carried off by the man of her choice. The tale hereby comes to a happy ending, saddened only by the early death of her sister Agnes, a consumptive, delicate girl, addicted to fond spiritualistic dreams, whose short life was never cheered by a visit to "Far Lochaber."

*The Weaker Vessel.* By D. Christie Murray. Three vols. (Macmillan and Co.).—This novel is one of those stories in which the troubles and efforts of the principal personages are related by a confidential friend and helper, writing in his own person. The second-best man, John Denham, living at first

in chambers near Gray's Inn, but afterwards the Paris correspondent of a daily newspaper, ultimately the lucky holder of an easy and well-paid Government office, and the happy husband of a bright young lady named Clara, tells us what happened to Walter Pole. That gentleman, before Denham knew him, was rash enough to contract a secret marriage with a certain Adelaide, a half-Frenchwoman, of violent temper and bold manners, profligate in her conduct, and with a taste for drink. He separated from her, after a month or two; but allowed her a part of his income, while he went into society as a supposed bachelor. His introduction to a family named Delamere, keeping up an establishment of fastidious gentility in South Kensington, leads to distressing trials of a mutual affection which cannot be legitimately indulged. Mr. Delamere, an elderly widower, is finely portrayed, with much of the humour of Dickens, as a sort of æsthetic Pecksniff, an eloquent but hollow and empty lecturer on the moral teachings of Art and Beauty, and a collector of pictures, statuary, Japanese ware, and Old Worcester china. His relative and disciple, Sebastian Dolmer Jones, is an arrant coxcomb, whose affectations are still more ridiculous, and Pole, a very manly fellow, regards them both with civil contempt; but Mary Delamere, a sensible, graceful, noble-minded young woman, makes too deep an impression on his heart. Though he, being sternly upright and honourable, never thinks of showing his love, and for some time avoids visiting the house, Mary is in love with him, which is soon detected by her friend Clara Grantley. Pole and Denham are together in a house-boat up the Thames, about the time of the Henley Regatta, when Pole's secret becomes known to his companion by a meeting with the fierce and vindictive Adelaide. A caricature figure is that of her unscrupulous ally, one Goldsmith, a Jewish solicitor and money-lender, who presently concocts a scheme to extort money from Pole. The unexpected deaths of several persons have left Walter Pole next heir to a peerage and estates in Devonshire worth £20,000 a-year. Goldsmith, aware of this and of the declining health of old Lord Wolborough, brings to Pole a certificate of the death of his wife Adelaide, and of her burial in Kensal-green Cemetery. These documents have been obtained by falsely giving her name, "Adelaide Pole," to a woman run over by a cab in the street, who died in St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The intention of the conspirators is to allow Walter Pole to contract a bigamous marriage with Miss Delamere; and, when he is rich, as he will soon be, to plunder him by threats of exposure. Their wicked design



TESTIMONIAL PRESENTED TO SIR BACHE CUNARD, BART., BY THE MEMBERS OF HIS HUNT, MARKET HARBOUROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE.

makes some approach to success; for Walter Pole, believing himself free, and kindly encouraged by old Lord Wolborough, after revealing the fact of his former unhappy marriage, is regularly engaged to Mary Delamere. But John Denham, engaged about the same time to Clara, accidentally sees Adelaide in Paris, recognises the unworthy wife of his friend, the woman supposed to have died three or four months before, and hastens to London with this terrible intelligence. It is borne with great fortitude by Mary and by Walter Pole; there is no scene, but letters are exchanged at the breaking off of the engagement. He compels Goldsmith, by terror of a horsewhipping, as well as by menaces of criminal prosecution, to confess the infamous trick that has been practised on him. Then, having come into the title and fortune expected, he, now Lord Wolborough, offers his wife £5000 a year, on condition of her never molesting him again; he travels abroad, and gambles prodigiously, losing £12,000 at écarté in one sitting. In the meantime, Denham and Clara are happily settled, while Mr. Delamere's pretensions are destroyed by a host of creditors; he sells off his art-treasures, and meanly borrows money of Lord Wolborough, to the indignation of Mary, who quits her father to join a sisterhood of lady nurses. The least probable incident of the story ensues, which is that the abandoned Adelaide, Lady Wolborough, preferring her revenge to the £5000 a year for life that is offered her, after getting a short enjoyment of luxury and pride by using her husband's name, insists on living in his house; which being denied, she refuses to touch his splendid allowance, sinking into the most squalid destitution. This is incredible, but it serves to inflict upon her the dire retribution which she is considered to deserve; being actually knocked down by a street vehicle, like the poor woman who died in the hospital, and suffering extreme misery, in one of the vilest slums of London, with an incurable injury to the spine, till she is rescued by "Sister Constance," Miss Delamere, with the aid of John Denham and a beneficent Dr. Mason. The wretched woman, however, remains for some time ignorant that Sister Constance is Mary Delamere, whom she had never before seen, but for whom she has conceived an intense hatred. When, at length, she is allowed—being not far from a dying condition—to go down to Wolborough Court, and to call herself its mistress, there are several passionate and pathetic scenes, ending with an almost tacit act of forgiveness, described with much power, and without any gushing excess in the language of emotion. It is scarcely needful to add that Mary Delamere, who had once been ironically called by her own father "the weaker vessel," being a woman of far stronger moral nature than any man, finally becomes the wife of Walter, Lord Wolborough, and the story closes with a serene prospect of domestic love and peace.

## LA MANDOLINATA.

The title means only a piece of music played on a mandolin; the mandolin is an Italian variety of the guitar, as the banjo is an American variety, ascribed to the music-loving negroes of the Southern States, whose characteristic performances were copied long ago, with a higher degree of artistic refinement, by our old popular favourites, the Ethiopian Serenaders and Christy Minstrels. The Southern gift of spontaneous song, which Nature has bestowed, with the frequent endowment of a fine voice, on the people of the Neapolitan provinces, though not in every district, obtains a suitable accompanying instrument in the mandolin. This vies with the Welsh or the Irish harp, if not of equal fame as a national symbol, in its association with the lyric strains which are cherished for ages in the memory of an imaginative race—the emotional essence of past experience, more profound than that of any recorded history, in the lives of preceding generations. New songs and new tunes, indeed, may from time to time be invented, or rather inspired, by the unflinching sentiments of love, regret, and pity, the tender wishes, the ardent longings, the youthful desires, the romantic hopes or dreams, the sad incidents of separation, of inconstancy, and of untimely death, which always and everywhere, among mankind, draw forth the utterance of natural feeling. The heart itself is an instrument which manhood and womanhood, at the susceptible period of life, must ever carry about with them, and which is played upon, just in the same way, by striving affections, as it was a thousand years ago—as when Catullus warbled his devotion to Lesbia; as in the isles of Greece, "where burning Sappho loved and sang"; as it was, no doubt, from the days of Adam and Eve, in the ever-renewed mutual relations of the human family. Imaginative emotion will find vent in poetry and music; and some little skill in these arts arises among the savage tribes of Africa or Polynesia, as well as in the ancient cultured civilisation of Europe. It is "the one touch of Nature that makes the whole world kin"; and this Italian lady in the picture, gracefully performing her sweet "Mandolinata," is doing the same that thousands of her sisters are doing, with strings more or less attuned to perfect melody, in different regions of the globe.

## FOX-HUNT TESTIMONIAL.

A testimonial was presented to Sir Bache Cunard, Bart., of Nevill Holt, Market Harborough, Leicestershire, on Nov. 1, which is regarded with much interest in fox-hunting circles. The members of Sir Bache Cunard's Hunt subscribed to make him a gift that should testify their appreciation of the manner in which he has hunted the South Leicestershire country during the past ten years. It was decided by the contributors that the testimonial should take the form of a life-size fox, to be produced in the highest style of art, and to be cast in solid silver. The commission was intrusted to Mr. Rowland Ward, F.Z.S., of Piccadilly, who modelled the fox from life, representing the attitude just as Reynard is drawing across an opening from covert to covert, and on the alert, as though in recognition of some suspicious sound or incident. The original model has been cast in solid silver, 519 ounces of the valuable metal being used. The figure has the merit of strong truthfulness to nature, and the work has a degree of artistic power which renders it superior to ordinary productions of the silversmith.

## INTERNATIONAL TRADES CONGRESS

On Nov. 10 the concluding sitting of this congress was held in St. Andrew's Hall—Mr. G. Shipton presiding, and M. Ansele (Ghent) acting as foreign chairman. Messrs. Broadhurst, Burt, Fenwick, Crawford, and Abraham were present. After a long discussion, taken part in by several English and foreign delegates, the following resolution was carried by four nationalities to two and passed; but the voting of the English delegates was, for the resolution, 11; against it, 31:—"This Congress is of opinion that, owing to the concentration of capital, and the relative weakness of trades' unions in proportion to the number of workers, it is impossible to further reduce the hours of labour without the aid of the State; and that in every case eight hours per day should be the maximum number of hours worked." On the motion of Mr. Burt, M.P., seconded by Mr. J. Wilson (Durham), it was resolved that—"Seeing that the huge armaments maintained by the Governments of Europe constitute a standing menace to the peace of the world, and impose terrible financial burdens on the industrial classes, this Congress recommends the democracy to give a mandate to their representatives to substitute the principle of arbitration for war in the settlements of disputes between Governments."—Miss Simcox (London) moved, and M. Keifer (Paris) seconded, a resolution, which was carried, "regretting the absence from the Congress of any representatives of German, Austrian, or Russian trade unions"; and desiring to convey to the workers of those countries "the profound sympathy of the delegates with the difficulties against which they had to contend." It was announced that the next International Congress would be held in Paris in 1889, and the Congress closed with a few valedictory words addressed by the president to the foreign delegates.

A concert, with a full programme, is announced to be given at the Holborn Townhall on Nov. 28 in aid of the funds of the Machine Battery Tower Hamlets Rifle Brigade.

A species of bottle-nosed whale, with her calf, was captured on Nov. 10 by the fishermen in Ballycotton Bay. The whale measured 29 ft., its girth being 19 ft.

In opening the new drill-hall of the 2nd City of London Rifles, which has been erected in Farringdon-road, the Duke of Cambridge said no man had a stronger feeling for the Volunteers than he had, and nothing that he could do to support its interests and efficiency should be wanting.—At the Rainham Ranges, Essex, on Nov. 10, the prominent rifle shots of the City of London Volunteer Regiments competed for the Gold Badge of the City of London Rifle Association and the rifle championship. Some excellent scores were made. The competition was decided by an aggregate of two "shoots" at Queen's First Stage distances, one in the spring and the other on Nov. 10. At the close of the contest Sergeant J. J. Keliher, of the London Rifle Brigade, was declared the winner with the fine aggregate of 183 points—90 and 93. The Silver Badge was taken by Sergeant Tayton, London Rifle Brigade, with 180 (90 and 90), and the Bronze Badge by Private Elkington, London Rifle Brigade, 177 (91 and 86).





LA MANDOLINATA.

DRAWN BY C. KIESEL.





LEIGH

THERES MANY A SLIP BETWEEN THE CUP AND THE LIP.

By B. RIVIERE, R.A.



## HIGHLAND INDUSTRIES.

There can be no doubt that the modern Fair Trade movement owes its origin as much to the fear of centralisation and its effects as it does to the calculations of mere economic profit and loss. Many who have not studied the political merits of Free Trade versus Fair Trade are yet sufficiently satisfied that it is ruinous for a country to allow its rural population to decay for lack of profitable employment. They perceive that the first essential of a nation's welfare is the physical health and strength of its individual units. Such health and strength obviously depend largely upon the preservation of a prosperous peasantry. The fate of other countries in which the population was allowed to become altogether urban rises before thoughtful eyes; hence many are ready to give countenance to any movement which promises to restore prosperity to our rural industries. While it may be true that wheat can be got from America at a cheaper rate than it can be grown in Britain, such thinkers argue that the doubtful gain to the nation's pocket means a certain loss to the national health; and they would prefer to pay a trifle more for their loaf in order to see a larger population thrive in the country districts.

Students of æsthetics, again, do not cease to express their regret at the decay of ancient handicrafts in consequence of the increase of machine manufacture. They point to the pottery of Greece and Etruria and to the brass-work of Hindustan, all hand-made, and all, even the humblest article, bearing the individual grace born of loving artist fingers; and they compare these with the uncouth pots and the tasteless mouldings turned out by the gross by modern machinery. As the slightest sketch by the human hand contains an interest not to be found in the finest photograph, the apostles of culture argue that much of the picturesque charm of life has been lost in substituting for human handwork the monotonous philistinism of machinery products; and they would be glad to welcome any prospect of return to the more individualistic methods of bygone days. To people of taste the grey cathedral, growth of long and patient labour, and bearing in window mullion and in column capital the thoughtful handwork of individual men, naturally appears fairer and better than the spick and span new chapel turned out to pattern by steam machinery. And in the same way the carved platter of ancient use is preferred to the coarse and gaudy crockery which has taken its place.

The social economist, too, is beginning to look askance on the vaunted advantages gained by means of the labour-saving apparatus of modern invention. While relieving multitudes from painful toil, this new force, Steam, he is beginning to perceive, has not relieved these multitudes from the necessity of toiling, but has merely taken from them the means of livelihood. The weaving, for instance, which once afforded employment and daily bread to many a prosperous village throughout the land, is now performed by steam-power in the hands of a very few capitalists. The power of steam, the social economist contends, has been a benefit, not to the working population at large, but to the few individuals who have succeeded in securing its monopoly; and he begins to regard a return to more primitive methods of production as the only effective means of lessening the great and ominous multitudes of our unemployed. It would be better, he considers, to have fewer fortunes made by wholesale manufacturers, if by such means the country could be covered again with small handicraftsmen, each happy in the perfection and the reward of his work.

And there can be no doubt that in many departments the production of the individual craftsman is immensely superior to the work turned out by crank and piston. The keen and true steel blades hammered on the anvil of Andrea Ferrara were something very different from the bayonets which bent double against Arab ribs in the Soudan; and everyone knows by experience how the shaggy tweeds woven in the cottage hand-loom of the island of Harris outwear the steam-made cloths of Yorkshire. For the sake of common honesty and simple economy, therefore, the revival of rural industries is an object greatly to be desired.

A return, however, to the fiscal laws of forty years ago is not within the horizon of practical politics. A tax upon corn would mean an immediate rise in the price of bread, while the consequent general rise in wages would be less perceptible and much slower in arriving—a state of affairs which no Government would be bold enough to face. Encouragement to the strengthening of peasant population by this means must, therefore, for long be laid aside as hopeless. Equally impracticable appears the direct crusade of æstheticism and the higher socialism against the employment of steam. A great institution is not likely to disappear simply because it disagrees with the sentiments of a few theorists. What is desirable, therefore, both for reasons of taste and of economics, is the discovery and encouragement of rural means of livelihood which will not be affected, as agriculture has been, by foreign importation, and which will be able to hold their own against the competing powers of machinery. Some of these means, possible to crofter and cottar, have already been pointed out—such as the keeping of bees, the breeding of fowls and rabbits, and the growing of flowers and fruit. And recently public notice has been drawn to further possibilities in the same direction by the exhibition of home-made goods in the Townhall of Inverness.

The movement of which this is the outcome, inaugurated some four years ago by the Duchess of Sutherland and the Marchioness of Stafford, has already attained conspicuous success, and promises to result in a revival of many of the ancient home-industries of the Highlands. Goods spun, woven, and knitted by crofters' wives and daughters from the fleeces of their own sheep are there to be seen; while spinning-wheels, picture-frames, baskets, fishing-rods, and pieces of rustic furniture indicate possibilities of remunerative employment for more than the mere leisure hours of the crofters themselves. Some idea may be had of the benefit which might accrue from the development of such domestic industries, from the fact that last year, the second of the exhibition, the sum of £150 was earned in this way by one parish alone, containing a population of little over 1200.

Many productions, those bordering upon the arts for instance, such as wood-carving, are, it should be remembered, impossible to machinery, and are therefore in no fear of being undersold by that competitor; while other home-made goods, like the Harris tweeds and Shetland shawls, by their intrinsic beauty, durability, and excellence, can well hold their own against all comers. Even were these goods unable to make their way into the open market, it should be kept in mind that a hundred-and-fifty years ago the Highland communities were all but self-contained, manufacturing, each for itself, nearly the whole of the materials necessary for life; and there are many good reasons to be advanced for a return, in some degree, to these simple methods of provision. By the revival of the old Highland industries much may be done in the near future to render many a forsaken village once more prosperous and populous; and already the happy result of the movement inaugurated among these northern glens affords proof that attention has been successfully directed to the subject.—G. E. T.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

**H. M. PRIDEAUX.**—We like the game and have marked it for insertion at earliest opportunity. The demands on our space have so much increased that the delay is unavoidable.

**H. BISHOP** (Haiton, Holland).—1. R to Kt 4th, K to R 7th; 2. R to Kt sq., P to Kt 7th; 3. Q mates. The variations you will be able to discover for yourself.

**W. PARSONS.**—Problem much better, but still not satisfactory. For instance, if 1. P to K 4th, B takes P; 2. Kt takes B (ch), K moves; 3. either Kt or Q can mate. Generally speaking, the play is not smart enough.

**COLEMAN.**—Problem does not stand examination. If Black defends by P takes P, 2. P to Q 4th (ch), K to B 4th; 3. Kt or R mates.

**J. W. PHILLIPS.**—We cannot decipher your diagrams. If you used plain initials for White and circled ones for Black, we could then give you our opinion of your problems.

**W. BIDDLE.**—Your problem contains many neat ideas, and shall be published in due course.

**E. F. F.**—Yes; first move is sufficient, if right. The solution you give of No. 2320 is wrong.

**CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2321** received from G. B. Hewett (Middle Colaba); of No. 2323 from Joseph T. Pullen (Luncheon); of No. 2324 from Hughes Morris (Cardiff), A. G. Bagot, and Charles Etherington; of No. 2325 from L. A. W. Noorduy (Holland), F. W. Ensor (Cardiff), W. S. (Sheffield), P. C. (The Hague), Chaswell, A. G. Bagot, Dr. Gustav Waltz (Heidelberg), Janet, Paul von Szvcs (Vienna), Joseph T. Pullen, and A. W. Hamilton (Exeter).

**CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2326** received from Julia Short, L. Desanges, Howard A. E. Casella (Paris), W. S. (Sheffield), Jupiter Junior, J. Ross (Wilt), G. D. McCoy (Galway), Martin F. J. Blackie, F. C. Cook (Earley), A. W. Hamilton (Exeter), J. Hall, Dawn, A. Newman, Dr. F. St. Peterhouse, J. Dixon (Colchester), G. V. (Brentwood), Wilson (Grange-on-Sands), Columbus, Mrs. Kelly (Lifton), F. G. Tucker (Pontypool), E. L. Nisbett, R. F. N. Banks, Dana John, R. Worters (Canterbury), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), J. Gastrin (Reims), Thomas Chown, W. R. Ralston, T. Roberts, E. London, James Sage, C. S. Chaswell, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), Shadforth, Alpha, A. G. Bagot, E. Phillips, G. J. Veale, J. Coad, and Percy Ewen.

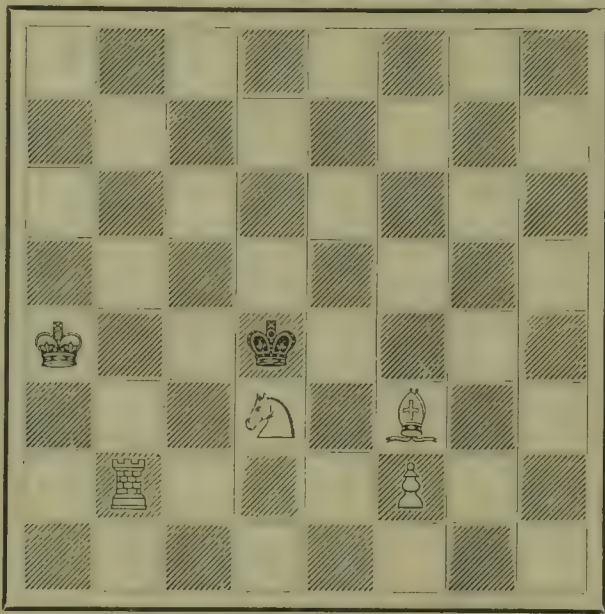
## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2324.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. B to Q 4th Any move  
2. Mates accordingly.

## PROBLEM No. 2328.

By HEReward.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

## CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

A well-contested game between Messrs. G. B. FRASER, of Dundee, and Mr. G. F. BAILEY, of Dublin, played in the correspondence tourney organised by Mr. Fraser.

(Steinitz Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. F.) BLACK (Mr. B.)  
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th  
2. Q Kt to B 3rd Q Kt to B 3rd  
3. P to K B 4th P takes P  
4. P to Q 4th Q to R 5th (ch)  
5. K to K 2nd P to Q 4th  
6. K Kt to B 3rd  
A move introduced by Mr. Fraser to obviate the compulsory adoption of the later form of the Steinitz attack, which after 6. P takes P, White must submit to by reason of Mr. Macdonnell's suggested reply of Q to K 2nd (ch).  
6. B to K Kt 5th  
If Black had now played Q to K 2nd, instead of the text move, White was prepared to leave the beaten track, and continue with P to K 5th, which yields a fairly good game.  
7. P takes P Castles  
8. Q B takes P B takes Kt (ch)  
Black might, we think, have given check, here, with Rook with more effect.  
9. K takes B 3rd Q to K B 3rd  
10. P to K Kt 3rd Kt Kt to P (ch)  
11. K to Kt 2nd P to K 4th  
12. B to Q 3rd P to K Kt 3rd  
13. R to K B sq Q to Kt 2nd  
14. B to K 3rd Kt to R 3rd  
15. B takes Kt P P to Q B 4th  
16. B takes R P  
Perhaps an imprudent capture, but too tempting to resist. White is exposed thereby to a very sharp and dangerous attack.  
16. B to Q 3rd  
17. B takes Q Kt  
A premature exchange, which adds to White's embarrassment.  
17. P takes B  
18. Kt to K 4th B to K 4th  
19. P to Q B 4th P to K B 4th  
20. Kt to Q B 5th Q R to K Kt sq  
21. Q to K B 3rd Q to K R 2nd  
22. Q R to K sq B to Q 3rd  
23. P to Q Kt 4th P to K B 5th  
Threatening the deadly move of Kt to K 4th.  
24. Kt to K 4th B to K 4th  
25. P to K R 4th  
A hazardous-looking rejoinder; but the only thing left to avert immediate disaster.  
25. Kt to K B 4th  
26. B to K Kt 4th K to Kt sq  
27. B takes Kt Q takes B  
28. Kt to Kt 5th B to Q B 2nd

Efforts, which we hope to see successful, are being made to arrange a match between Lancashire and Yorkshire. The stimulus given to the latter county by the Bradford Congress makes it probable that the breakdown of the negotiations which happened last year will not be repeated on this occasion.

A selection of games played in the Masters' Tournament of the Bradford Congress has just been issued from the office of the *British Chess Magazine*. The value of the book entirely centres in the copious notes by Mr. W. H. Pollock appended to each game, many of them suggestive of the brilliancy so frequent in his play. The work done here raises him into the very front rank of analysts, and a study of it will be of the greatest service to everyone who seeks to improve his own style of play.

A new chess club has been started at Hoxton, and meets at the Dolphin Hotel every Friday evening; Mr. Sydney Meynott is hon. sec.

The City of London Club tournament is now steadily progressing at the rate of a round per week. In the leading section Mr. Loman stands first, closely followed by Messrs. Black and Ross. In the second and third sections the leaders are Messrs. Stibel, Sorrailler, Hennell, Smith, Coupland, Jones, Nelson, Evans, and Hirschmann.

## THE BELLES-LETTRES.

In the volumes of agreeable autobiographical reminiscences which Voltaire is pleased to call his "Commentaire Historique," that admirable wit observes, with respect to his abortive effort to study law, that his inclination for poetry was greatly strengthened by his disgust at the mode in which jurisprudence was taught in the law schools; and he adds: "This alone sufficed to turn me aside to the cultivation of the *belles-lettres*." Recalling this passage to my mind the other day, I could not help lamenting the decay into which the *belles-lettres* have fallen, the disrespect with which they are treated by a restless and impatient generation, and the unhappy prominence given to pursuits which have not the same sterling qualities of distinction and excellence to recommend them. You may see men of undoubted respectability taking to the study of history, and cackling like a hen over her first egg, if they find in the yellow manuscripts of some spiteful foreign emissary a statement which reflects on the virtue of Queen Bess, or if they unearth the gratifying fact that their pet hero was born, let us say, on a Monday morning, whereas all previous scribes had represented him as coming into the world on Monday evening! And there are others who call themselves scientists, and compile elaborate disquisitions on the ova of the sea-weed, or discourse on cycles and epicycles and the equilibrium of worlds; but none, so far as I can see, get any nearer than their ancestors got to a solution of the two great mysteries of the "Whence" and the "Whither." And there are unhappy wights who make a study of politics, of political economy, of the Sugar Bounties, and the irrepressible Irish Question, and grow red in the face over tithes, rent-charges, ground-rents, perpetual pensions, and similar affairs, going down to their graves before their time, done to death by interminable talk and ponderous bluebooks. There are others—deadly enemies to their species—who concoct sensational or "realistic" novels, and give feeble-minded persons the shivers with lurid pictures of murder and mystery in African deserts or Hansom cabs or railway trains; heaping horror upon horror, as the giants of old heaped Pelion upon Ossa, until the shuddering intellect reels, staggers, and falls beneath the damnable burden that is pressed upon it! Oh, my friends, what a relief to escape from all these conspiracies against one's peace of mind, and to find a pleasant and secure refuge in the blessed haven of the *belles-lettres*!

Wise in their day and place were our ancestors—in the eighteenth century, *par exemple*—when, with abundant leisure at their command, undisturbed by the iniquities of psychological research or the worry of social problems, and free from the incubus of the fiction of the shambles and the dissecting-room, they sought the terrace in the sunshine, or the oriel that opened on Brown's latest creation in landscape-gardening, crossed one well-shaped leg over the other, smoothed down their ruffles, and abandoned themselves to the fascination of old Montaigne's shrewd gossip or Cowley's scholarly reflections. They had also—lucky men!—their *Tutlers* and their *Spectators*; the urbane humour of Steele, and the refined suavity of Addison. I wonder, by-the-way, whether the author of "Sir Roger de Coverley" is much read now-a-days. Yet what a fascination there is in his easy style and his graceful way of putting things! Your modern essayist cannot affirm that two and two make four without a preliminary flourish of fireworks. Like soda-water, indeed, all the sparkle and effervescence are in his initial paragraphs—the residuum is so flat and savourless as mortally to offend the palate. In the old *belles-lettres* you meet with no such *tours de force*. There are no rockets—but, then, there are no sticks. Look at Addison's delightful paper on the "Uses to which One can turn One's Enemies." A writer of to-day would begin with erudite references to Corsican vendettas or Japanese feuds, and fatigue the ingenuous reader at the outset with his ingenious surprises; but Addison starts with as pleasant an amble as that of a well-trained palfrey:—"I have been very often tempted to write invectives upon those who have detracted from my works or spoken in derogation of my person; but I look upon it as a particular happiness that I have always hindered my resentments from proceeding to this extremity. I once had gone through half, but found so many motions of humanity rising in me towards the persons whom I had severely treated that I threw it into the fire without finishing it." And so he goes on, in the same light and airy fashion, leading you easily up to the moral he wishes to impress upon you, while you feel inexpressibly soothed by the melodious flow of a stream so pellucid and so sweet.

In the same mood, though with more glitter of antithesis and pomp of imagery, wrote Hazlitt and De Quincey; and, in our own time, though with greater incisiveness, Matthew Arnold. I presume to recommend these humane critics to the intelligent person whose gorge rises at "detective" stories, and whose intellectual industry is not equal to the study of the Cyclopædia. For myself, I would rather read the critical essays of a Jeffrey or a Macaulay, with all their alleged "want of insight," than those of Tinto or Verdigris, with their sham raptures, their egotistical rhetoric, and their insufferable air of superiority. Ye Gods! how these men pat Milton on the head, put Dryden through his paces, and sneer at the author of "Childe Harold"! I prefer the *grands seigneurs* of literature, who behaved to each other—and to their readers—with such high-bred courtesy and so much old-world grace, to the swashbucklers who think of nothing but thrust and parry, and count their imaginary victims like so many Bobadils.

The great charm of the *belles-lettres* I take to be their geniality, their sanity, their refinement. They refresh one with their reasonable views of life, their blandly humorous comments on men and things, their polite estimates of authors and their books, their prevailing atmosphere of light and sweetness. James Russell Lowell, in his delightful essays "My Study Windows"; Holmes, in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table"; Helps, in "Friends in Council"; and Henry Taylor, in his "Notes From Life"—these excellent writers perpetuate the best traditions of the *belles-lettres*. Go back to an earlier generation, and you will find much that is happily in accordance with their temper in Conversation Sharpe's "Essays in Prose and Verse." The elder Disraeli is now much derided by the orthodox historical inquirer, whose dreadful mission it is to "reverse the verdicts of history"; but you may pass an hour by the winter fireside over the chatty pages of his "Curiosities of Literature," and be none the worse for it. Go farther back still, and what better companionship can you desire than my Lord Shaftesbury's "Characteristics"? I am speaking here of English writers only: if I crossed the Channel, I should find in the *belles-lettres* an almost inexhaustible field of survey. The sum of it all is that, if you wish for a sound mind and a clear conscience—if you would enjoy the precious possession of tranquillity and contentment—if you would secure the love and confidence of your wife, your children, and your mother-in-law—if you would sleep the sleep of innocence, untroubled by grisly phantoms from the realms of the Sensational—if you would live as blameless a life as Homer's Ethiopians or Sir Thomas Malory's "King Arthur"—you will shun the temptations with which designing publishers surround you, and give yourself up to the pure and wholesome pleasures of the *belles-lettres*.



## NEW BOOKS.

*Reminiscences of J. L. Toole.* Related by Himself, and Chronicled by Joseph Hatton. Two vols. (Hurst and Blackett).—The eminent comedian, and generally sympathetic and agreeable actor, whose sayings and doings, public and private, are Boswellised by a knowing personal friend in these two volumes, is an established popular favourite and a gentleman deservedly enjoying high social esteem. There is no anecdote here told of him that will at all diminish the regard in which he has long been held, not only as an ornament to the London stage and an example of the respectability of his profession, but as a worthy and amiable man. Yet we can hardly say that much has been added by this book to the information possessed by ordinary playgoers, and by those accustomed to hear or read of current theatrical affairs during the past thirty years. Mr. Toole's position as a dramatic artist is to a certain degree unique and independent; it has been attained more by the individual impersonation of new comic characters, which owed their original creation as much to him as to the writers of the plays, than by improving on the interpretation of old parts which had gathered a traditional record of former performances. It is different with such an actor as Mr. Irving, whose thoughtful original renderings of Shakespeare cannot escape being implicitly compared with those of an imposing procession of famous actors, and even being judged with reference to old critical standards. The same remark might apply to comedians of the old school, within the memory of this generation, dealing with the still abiding conceptions of authors like Goldsmith, Sheridan, and Colman. Whatever is good in modern dramatic art is no doubt capable of being studied analytically by some commentator with sufficient insight into the essentials, motives, and complex workings of the infinitely diversified play of feelings in human nature. The study of these in comedy, and even in farce, may be as profound, and is certainly as difficult, as in heroic or romantic tragedy; but our critical literature has made little provision for it, and Mr. Hatton's undertaking is not so ambitious. He does not attempt to show why or how Mr. Toole is a great actor in his own line of characters; or in what special qualities Mr. Toole, on the stage, differs from Mr. Buckstone or Mr. Charles Mathews and several other comedians within our remembrance. But he draws the portrait of Mr. Toole, fairly and pleasantly, without excessive gushing eulogy, as a clever, diligent, and successful member of the theatrical profession, who has borne his merited success with discreet modesty, and whose genial temperament, with his relish of harmless fun, makes him a delightful companion. We hope that many successful men in other professions are equally good fellows; and it is possible that many whose business is not funny can amuse their private acquaintance with jokes and droll little stories quite equal to those reported of Mr. Toole. The practical jokes, indeed, though innocent and honest tricks of their kind, were now and then performed at the expense of strangers with a freedom scarcely permitted to merry gentlemen in the ordinary walks of life; but Mr. Sothorn was as bad as Mr. Toole in slapping the back of an unknown old man dining at a chop-house and calling him "George." This and several other stories have already been printed in some English and American papers, which Mr. Hatton explains; but not a few of his readers may agree with us in wishing that they had never been printed. It must, however, be allowed that professional actors, who undergo the severe mental strain of artificially sustaining fictitious parts every working night of their lives, are more in need than other men are of permission to give vent to their natural high spirits in sudden outbursts of queer demeanour, or in extemporised mystifications. They are apparently, like sitters in a congregation in sermon-time, or like people listening to a long trial in a court of law, often disposed to laugh, in spite of their sober judgment, at the very smallest hints of the ludicrous; for most of the jokes, outside the theatre, which are stated to have caused such great diversion to Mr. Toole and his comrades, would provoke but a feeble smile in common conversation. Although Mr. Toole, in private life, breathes the air of pleasantry, no comedian that ever enraptured an audience can possibly be such a genuine humourist off the stage, as he is in his artistic performance; nor can any tragedian, at home or at his club, be so grand and sublime. It is, therefore, no wonder if Mr. Hatton's collection of drolleries, which might be called Tooleries, be found to contain much that is of an extremely mild quality, and that would scarcely be presented, apart from Mr. Toole's memoirs, as select specimens of wit and humour. The book is amusing, nevertheless, by its consistent exhibition of a sprightly, kindly, and vivacious character, accompanied by others, his equals or superiors in talent and in public distinction, with whom he has always lived on terms of cordial friendship. Mr. John Lawrence Toole, a son, as every Londoner is aware, of the late City Toastmaster, was born in March, 1832, in St. Mary Axe; he began life as clerk in a wine-merchant's office, but saw plays at the East-End theatres, and joined an amateur dramatic club, where he showed talents that won the notice of Mr. Charles Dillon, and gained him an engagement at Dublin in 1852. He was afterwards at the Edinburgh Theatre, under Mr. Robert Wyndham; but in September, 1856, came to London and played at the Lyceum with Mr. Dillon in "Belphegor." In 1851, he was engaged by Mr. Benjamin Webster for the Adelphi, when Wright retired; and Webster, a great actor and great manager, probably contributed much to perfect Toole as a dramatic artist. Paul Bedford, too, was there, and Toole's frequent association with him must have developed his genius for fun. One of his greatest original successes was in the Caleb Plummer of the dramatised version of Dickens' "Cricket on the Hearth," produced at the Adelphi in 1862; it proved that Toole was not merely a comic actor, but a genuine sympathetic humourist, thoroughly in the vein of Dickens at his best. We have often wished that we had more of Dickens adapted for the stage, with Toole for his congenial interpreter. He was afterwards at the Queen's Theatre, with Mr. Alfred Wigan, the company including Mr. Henry Irving; and in 1869 went to the Gaiety, where he played with Phelps and Charles Mathews. In Mr. H. J. Byron's interesting domestic drama, "Dearer than Life," Mr. Toole gave another proof of his real power in the serious, natural, simple representation of human feeling, in the part of Michael Garner. The half-pathetic, half-comic part of the Cheap Jack in "Uncle Dick's Darling," produced in 1869, was also written for him by Mr. Byron; but the inspiration was evidently that of Dickens. Toole was born for this interesting and instructive line of dramatic work, not for mere farcical effects, however clever and successful he may be in them. He now rose to high distinction; and in 1874, on his going to America, received the signal compliment of a public banquet, presided over by Lord Rosebery, followed by another at Birmingham, with Mr. George Dawson in the chair. The account of his later doings is given in a discursive and incidental manner, in detached fragments here and there scattered through the second volume, in reports of talk between himself and Mr. Hatton during an excursion to York and Whitby, intermixed with descriptions

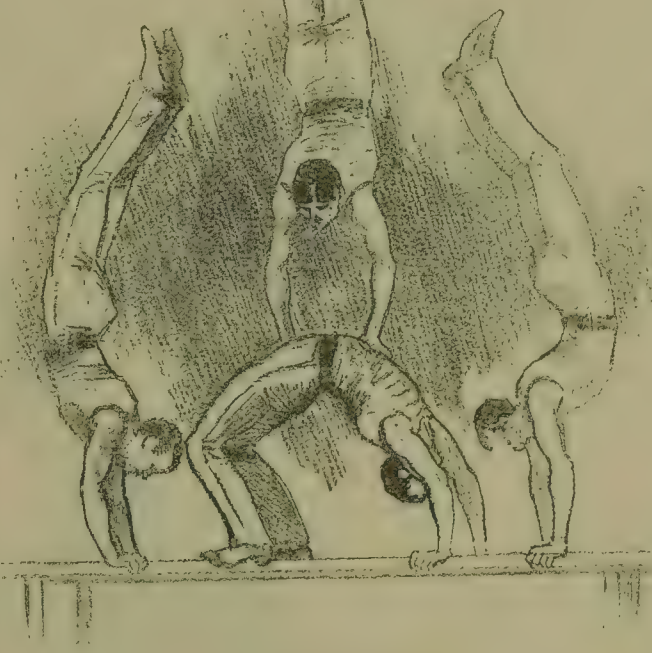
of places, with reprints of speeches and newspaper articles, and with various personal and social reminiscences: but the regular playgoer who is attached to Mr. Toole can supply the missing links. In 1879 the Folly Theatre, in King William-street, Charing-cross, became Mr. Toole's house, which has been officially styled "Toole's Theatre" since 1882. Everybody knows it well; no one likes it better than his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who has occasionally had Mr. Toole as his guest at Sandringham. This is a going concern, and we hope it will go on, with Mr. Toole in full force, to the end of the nineteenth century. It is unnecessary here to dwell on the merits of the chief plays, "A Fool and his Money," "Not such a Fool as he Looks," "The Upper Crust," "The Birthplace of Podgers," "Trying a Magistrate," the burlesque of "Claudian," "The Butler," and "The Don," with which Mr. Toole is identified. Mr. Hatton's minute inventory of the furniture and adornments of Mr. Toole's dressing-room at the theatre, and of his house somewhere near Piccadilly, can be yet more easily dispensed with. His book is, nevertheless, rather entertaining; and its contents are so mixed that every reader who has ever cared for any particular actor or actress in our times will find some cherished "reminiscence" awakened by its perusal. Macready, Phelps, Sheridan Knowles, Buckstone, Mathews, Robson, Webster, Keeley, Wright, Paul Bedford, Fechter, G. V. Brooke, Sothorn, Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Kendal, and Mrs. Bancroft, with others not forgotten, are brought into these sketches of the theatrical world. Their portraits ornament many pages, and must always be pleasant for those to see to whom their living faces were familiar on the stage, which has lost the great majority of them, years and years ago.

The second part of Mrs. Charles Hetley's *Native Flowers of New Zealand* (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.) fully sustains the well-deserved credit obtained by the first part. In this number the most attractive plants depicted are some of the ratas (*Metrosideros*), the handsomest of the climbing New Zealand plants. The white rata is confined to the northern part of the North Island, where it is often seen clinging to the trunks of the Kauri pine and other large forest trees. The shrubs classified under the name of Senecio form an important family in the New Zealand flora, and the flowers of some of the varieties are extremely beautiful, especially that named after Dr. Hector, and discovered by him in the province of Nelson. The large proportion of white-flowered plants in New Zealand cannot fail to attract attention, but it does not enter into the scope of Mrs. Hetley's catalogue to discuss the cause. The illustrations are in the best style of modern chromo-lithography, and do honour to the printers and publishers.

## THE POLYTECHNIC YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN INSTITUTE.

It is a long distance across London from east to west—from Mile-End-road to Upper Regent-street—and there are certain obvious differences between that noble popular institution, the People's Palace, the People's College, the Polytechnic Young Women's Christian Institute; but their essential objects are equally deserving of agencies yet established for social and personal improvement for many thousands vast city. London

which may also be called of Arts and Sciences, and Men's (and Young Institute; but their the same, and they are applause as the grandest lished for social and and healthy enjoyment of the youth of this contains a greater



ON THE PARALLEL BARS.

number, and a greater diversity of classes and characters, than any other city in the world ever contained, of young persons above the ordinary school age who are employed in various ways, who have their free hours of leisure, and whose chief want has been that of opportunities for the true education which is combined with recreation of mind and body—the only true education for adults, in general; systematic exercises, both intellectual and physical; the pursuit of knowledge, itself a great delight; the acquirement of skill, which is even more delightful; and the comradeship, in study and in sport, of their fellow-collegians, learning from the same instructors, and playing in the same clubs. These secular benefits, with the means of obtaining a higher culture and more complete than seemed until lately within the range of possibility for those not born to the advantages of fortune, are now provided for adolescence, in the lower middle classes and in the working classes, by perfectly organised institutions on a magnificent scale, which are about to be multiplied in other parts of London.

To provide technical and scientific instruction in the useful arts, accompanied with actual workshop teaching and practice, in harmony with ordinary trade customs of apprenticeship and employment, is an object successfully combined with advanced general education.

The Young Men's Christian Institutes, of which there are many in London and its suburbs, have contributed greatly to the general movement, and are, while professedly seeking to associate broad religious principles with full self-culture and innocent diversion, conducted in no spirit of bigotry, and certainly in no ascetic spirit. They prove, in the most practical manner, by actual performance, that Christianity, rightly understood, is consistent with every wholesome form of

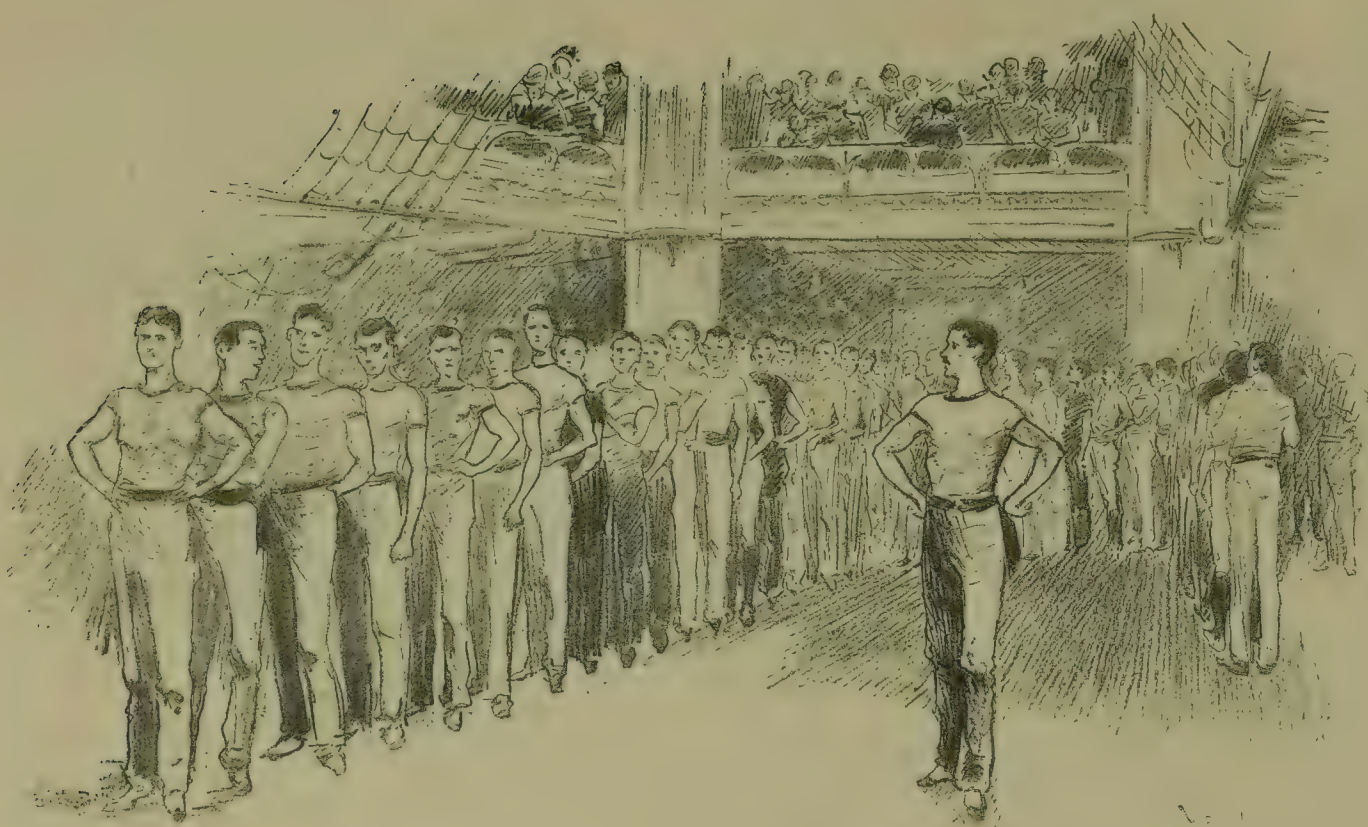
social pleasure and with every personal predilection for any kind of study or taste or mental exertion, and for any bodily exercise, athletic or graceful, conducive to "a sound mind in a sound body." These objects, without the slightest pretension to impose a test of religious belief on its members, are strenuously maintained by the great institution in Regent-street. It owes its present prosperity to one benefactor, Mr. Quintin Hogg, who has for years past been spending on it not only very large sums of money, out of his own purse, but also continuous labour, thought, and care, inspired solely by zeal for human welfare from the highest Christian motives. This gentleman (we henceforth borrow an article from the *Times* of April 23 in the present year), the youngest son of the late Sir James Weir Hogg, once Chairman of the East India Company, and brother of Lord Magheramorne, is the head of a firm of merchants in Rood-lane, and for twenty-four years—in fact, ever since he left Eton—he has devoted his days to his business and almost every one of his evenings to work among the boys and young men of London. At first he started with a ragged-school in the Drury-lane district, which, after a while, was changed into a working boys' home. In 1873 there was added to this an institute founded "for the purpose of endeavouring to withdraw elder boys from evil surroundings." It was in Endell-street, midway between Drury-lane and Seven Dials, that this institute was first opened, and shortly afterwards it was transferred to Long-acre, occupying part of the building formerly the Queen's Theatre. Six or seven years ago, the old Polytechnic Institution, associated in our memory with recollections of the diving-bell and Professor Pepper, ceased to exist, and the building came into the market. Mr. Quintin Hogg came forward and bought it, paying for it, and for the cost of enlarging it and fitting it up, over £60,000. In its new quarters, it became a great social club for young lads of the artisan class, a great institute of technical education, a day school for middle-class boys; and its advantages were extended this year by the addition of another large house a few doors off for the accommodation of young women. Mr. Hogg not long ago took Merton Hall, Wimbledon, with about twenty-seven acres of land attached, and this ground is now turned into one of the finest playgrounds in England. Every Saturday afternoon in summer hundreds of the lads are employed in playing cricket or lawn tennis, and one of Mr. Hogg's principal lieutenants is Mr. J. E. K. Studd, a cricketer of Cambridge fame. The success of the Polytechnic Christian Institute has been astonishing. More than 10,000 boys and young men have their names on its books, and already the second house has 800 young women upon its list, most of them the sisters or the friends of the members of the institute. The cost of maintenance amounts to between £14,000 and £15,000 a year, the receipts from fees to about £9000, and the deficit, which thus amounts to between £5000 and £6000 a year, has been till now entirely met by Mr. Quintin Hogg. He has, roughly speaking, spent £100,000 upon his scheme, and he cannot continue much longer to meet the large deficit in the same way. His desire is to find help which shall enable the institute to be placed upon a permanent footing. The Commissioners of City Charities have undertaken to give the Polytechnic an endowment of £2500 a year on two conditions:—(1) That he should obtain a long lease of his premises; (2) that he should raise a sum of £35,000 by private subscriptions. The trustees of the Portland estate have given Mr. Hogg a formal promise of a ninety-nine years' lease. Mr. Hogg has already appealed to various friends of his own, and has succeeded in raising about £18,000. Mr. W. M. Campbell—Mr. Hogg's partner, and a Governor of the Bank of England—has given £10,000; Messrs. J. A. Denny and E. M. Denny, £1000 each; Mr. Gurney Shepherd, £1000; and an anonymous friend, £2000. There still remains, however, about £17,000 to be raised. Mr. Hogg feels constrained to appeal to the public to save this flourishing and most useful institution.

The Polytechnic Institute is remarkable for the elaborate system of technical instruction which is open to its members. They are admitted on payment of a subscription of 3s. per quarter, which entitles them to the free use of the library, social rooms, and gymnasiums, and admission to all the entertainments; while for the technical classes small fees have to be paid. The classes are of two kinds, science and art classes, which are held in connexion with the Department at South Kensington; and industrial classes, which are more or less related to the City and Guilds of London Institute of Technical Instruction, and to the London Trades Council. The industrial classes, again, are subdivided into classes of mechanics and into "practical trade classes" for apprentices and young workmen, and it is these last which are the special feature of the institute. Among them we find classes for various branches of engineering, for cabinet-making and carpentry, including such subordinate departments as the making of staircases and hand-railing; we find classes in wood and stone carving, in tailor's cutting, in sign-writing, and in practical watch and clock making; classes in carriage-building, in printing, in land surveying and levelling, in plumbing, and in toolmaking, and many other trades. In all these cases it is a condition that no one is to be admitted who is not already engaged, say as an apprentice, in the trade. In the engineering-room, where there is machinery worked by a central gas-engine, a dozen young men may be seen forming a screw, or adapting some roughly-cast bolt to the required purpose, and the room is full of iron lathes and other small machines, every detail of which has been made and finished on the spot by the boys.

The variety of other classes is very great, including English grammar and literature, geography and history, arithmetic and mathematics, Latin, Greek, French, and German, chemistry and natural philosophy, and drawing. It should be stated that the fees for the classes vary from 2s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. per quarter to members of the institute, non-members being allowed to attend on payment of an increased fee. Mr. H. J. Spooner lectures on geometry and machine-drawing, Mr. L. J. Butler on carriage-building, Mr. Andrew Clark, F.R.C.S., on first aid to the injured, Mr. Hasluck on elocution, Mr. Herrmann on watch and clock making, Messrs. Horton and Wilson on shorthand-writing, Mr. H. L. Ramsay on sign-writing, Mr. George Scaman on upholstery, cutting, and draping, Messrs. Charles Mitchell and Young on building construction, Mr. H. W. Richards on brick-cutting; and in the ladies' department, Mrs. Elliot Scrivener on dressmaking and dress-cutting. The results are shown by the success of the Polytechnic pupils in the different technical examinations. The system has been highly commended by the London Trades Council, and by two Royal Commissions of Inquiry.

The visitor to the Polytechnic, any weekday evening, will find every room occupied by numbers of lads and young men, from seventeen years old upwards, either harmlessly amusing themselves or studying in class. There is a refreshment and reading room, where some boys are having tea or supper, some are reading the newspapers, some are playing chess or draughts. One great room in the summer is a swimming-bath; in the other seasons of the year, comfortably carpeted and arranged with chairs and





FALLING IN FOR THE MAZE.



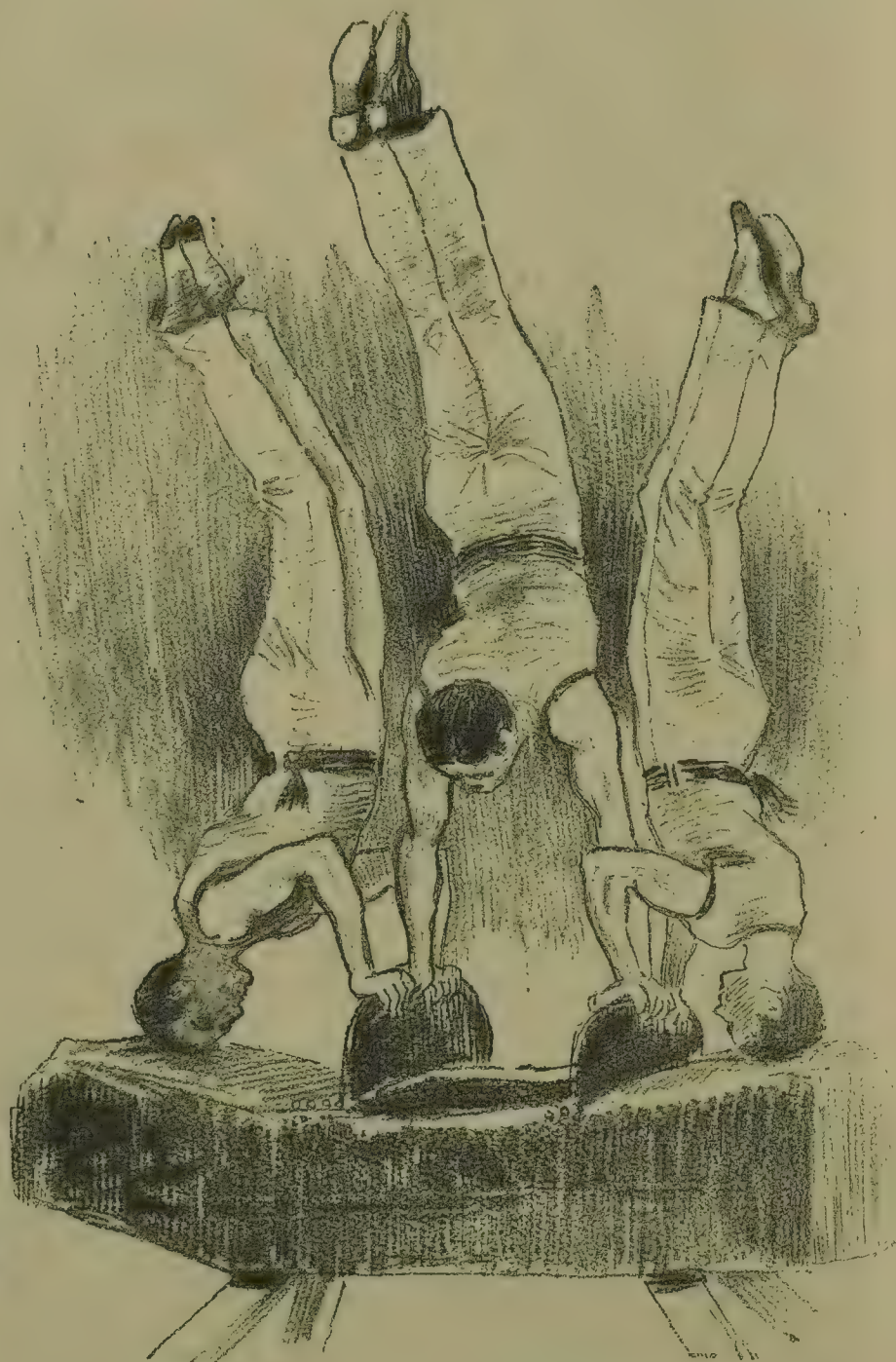
EXERCISE IN MUSICAL DRILL.



EXERCISE IN MUSICAL DRILL.



EXERCISE IN MUSICAL DRILL.



STANDING ON HEADS AND HANDS.



AT THE RINGS.

THE GYMNASIUM OF THE POLYTECHNIC CHRISTIAN INSTITUTE, REGENT-STREET.

tables, it is the chief reading-room. In another room we find a debating society. In a hall where the chemical lectures used to be delivered, and where now Mr. Hogg holds his Sunday services and classes, a number of youths are going through military drill. In the larger hall, the gymnastic instructor is taking his class through their exercises. Nearly a hundred lads are there, most of them in flannels, and are forgetting the workshop and the counter in the physical delight of exercise. The gymnasium, in which our Artist made his Sketches, is under the direction of Colour-Sergeant Elliott, late of the Scots Guards. There are squad and mass exercises every evening; and instruction is given in single-

stick, fencing, handling the dumb-bells and Indian club, and the bar-bell, exercises on the horizontal bar, the parallel bars, with the rings, on the trapeze, and in other ways. The girls' gymnasium is open on Tuesdays and Thursdays to members of the Young Women's Branch of the institute, which is located at 15, Langham-place, and is open every evening, except Sunday. The Polytechnic swimming-bath is also reserved one night in the week for the female members of the institute, who have admission to the lectures, concerts, and entertainments, and the privilege of joining any of the classes at greatly reduced fees, while many suitable classes are held for young women only.

Among the various societies for young men connected with the Polytechnic are the Debating Society or "Parliament," the Athletic Club at Merton, the Cycling Club, the "Ramblers" for pedestrian excursions, the Harriers who meet at Willesden, the Company of Rifle Volunteers (4th Middlesex or West London), the Volunteer Artillery Battery (No. 7 of 1st City of London), the Medical Staff Corps, the Military Band, the Orchestral Society, the Choir and Choral Society, the Chess and Draughts Club, the Sketching Club, the German Society, the French Society, the Engineering Society, and the Electrical Society, besides a Total Abstinence Society, and the "Christian Workers' Union."





ATTENTION!



BAR-BELL EXERCISE.



BAR-BELL EXERCISE.



ON THE HORIZONTAL BAR (YOUNG MEN'S CLASS).



MUSICAL DRILL (YOUNG MEN'S CLASS).



BAR-BELL EXERCISE.



A LUNGE TO THE RIGHT.



DRILL FOR LITTLE GIRLS.



MUSICAL DRILL (YOUNG MEN'S CLASS).



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## BUILDERS IN THE SAND.

The near approach of the winter season is heralded this morning by the chill east wind and the thin ice which coats the pools left by the receding tide a few hours gone by. To-day we are strolling along a sandy flat of Scottish sea-coast, not far removed from that engineering triumph, the Forth Bridge itself. Pleasant memories of bygone days revive in the mind when we approach the "Shell-bed"—as the sandy stretch is termed. One constant feature of the beach has won for it the familiar "Ferry" name. The sea-line at high-water mark is always indicated by a clear, glistening line of shells, whole and broken alike, torn from the sandy depths below, and brought up by the play of the waves. I presume the tides and currents of the bay cast up the shells on the beach and favour the formation of this unbroken and uniform line of shell-débris. Beyond this high-water mark you come upon the sand-dunes of the coast. The tough grasses which find a home and habitation in the sand bind the loose wind-blown particles together, and thus aid in the work of land-making. The "Shell-bed" on the Firth of Forth reminds me of a pleasant prospect in scenes far removed from this Scottish estuary. Away in Devonshire, and stretching from Dawlish towards Exeter, is such another sandy beach as that which lies before us this winter morning. Only, the Devonshire coast wants that background of pines that stands out so prominently against the light brown of the sand. But for the funereal setting of its firs and pines, and for the hills of Fife in the foreground, the Dawlish prospect might be regarded as being closely imitated on these northern shores.

We descend from the shelly ridge towards the lower confines of the beach. In a moment or two, we find ourselves amid the damp sand which, cut into miniature valleys by the rills from the land, betokens the recent ebb of the sea. As we walk over the yielding sand we see the burrows of the *Solenus*, or "razor-shells," whose cast-off products litter the shore at the high-water line. Your "razor-shell" is a skilful burrower, and by means of his fleshy foot contrives to mine swiftly and effectively below the surface of the sand, so that pursuit and capture, save by means of the fisherman's iron hook, is a sheer impossibility. As we traverse the beach nearer still to the sea, we notice the débris thrown out by the worms, which, after airing themselves amid the waves when the tide is in, turn tail and tunnel downwards. They are, in reality, living tunnel-makers, for they pass the sand through their bodies as they work below, and hence you see the internal casts of their digestive systems in the familiar "sand-worms," or coils, which litter the shore. These are the "fairy ropes" of the children. The old legend of Michael Scott, wizard *par excellence*, tells us how, having engaged the Evil One as a servant, he found it a condition of his own safety to keep his diabolical servitor fully employed. The proverbial mischief into which idle hands are said to fall, was therefore averted by Michael the Wizard setting his fiend to weave ropes out of the sea-sand; and the futile labours of his Satanic Majesty, adds the legend, are to be seen after every receding tide.

There, in the distance, is a fisherman digging in the sand for bait. When you look into his can you see a wriggling mass of green and brown worms, each with a big thickened head and a narrower body. This is the lobworm, dear to the hearts of sea-fishers. Along the sides of its body you see the gills existing in the shape of curious tufts, which are really complex loops of blood-vessels, wherein the impurities of worm-organisation are got rid of, and its blood purified by exposure to the oxygen of the sea. But the "lob" is not an architect in any sense. Scan the sand around you, and notice that, rising from its smooth surface, your eye can detect numberless feathery-like tufts. You borrow the fisherman's spade, and remove at one operation half-a-dozen or more of these tufts. Then when you single them out from among the mass with your fingers you see that each tuft is really the top of a tube, and that inside this tube dwells a worm-tenant which is doing its best to escape into the sand by the lower end of its dwelling-place. This is the *Terebella*, a worm which ranks among the most common of all the architects of the sand. Look at the tube closely (Fig. 1). Its composition is varied enough. It consists of a series of odds and ends in the way of particles, and the heterogeneous materials of the tube account for the rugged appearance of the structure. The bulk of this worm's house is built of grains of sand, but you also note how it has seized upon pieces of broken shells, and even minute pebbles as building-stones. These materials are all duly glued together by means of a natural marine cement, which resists the action of the water, and defies the damp to disintegrate the tenement of the *Terebella*. The tuft at the top of the tube, which is modelled in sand, is really the outer investment or covering of the gills and feelers which the head of the worm bears. The gills are plume-like, and the feelers, or tentacles, act as purveyors in the commissariat department. They sweep food-particles into the mouth, and possibly filter from the sea or sand around the matters necessary for the nutrition of the worm-frame.

But in our shovelful of sand there are worm-tubes of another description. You now disinter a tube of smoother and more regular aspect than those of the *Terebella*. This second tube is composed of sand particles alone, cemented together to form a symmetrical structure, which impresses us by contrast with the rougher build of the *Terebella*'s dwelling-place. The



FIG. 1. TEREBELLA AND ITS TUBE.



FIG. 2. SABELLA AND ITS TUBE, SHOWING THE PLUME-LIKE GILLS.

smooth tube (Fig. 2) is the abode of the *Sabella*, another familiar worm-architect of our sandy shores. I know of nothing more beautiful than the plume-like gills of the *Sabella*-worm. They spring from its head-extremity, together with its feelers, in curved array and present us with truly feathery sprays, wherein the blood of the animal courses in closely-placed vital streams, to be exposed to the air contained in the native water of the worm. Extremely sensitive are these gills and tentacles, as you may demonstrate in the case of yet another worm-architect. On this stone I have picked up is a hard, dense tube of carbonate of lime, or, in plain language, hard chalk. This is the *Serpula*'s habitation. I place the stone and its tube in this rock pool. In a moment you see the beautiful gill-plumes to be protruded from the tube, and to wave backwards and forwards in the water. This is the respiratory or breathing-play of these animals, and the slightest touch sends the gills into the tube. Worm susceptibilities have been offended by the prying curiosity of humanity, and a natural plug (which is merely a thickened tentacle) closes up the mouth of the *Serpula*-tube until such time as its denizen, recovering from its fright, once more spreads its gill-plumes abroad in the pellucid pool. The worm-architects teach us a lesson in "habit" as applied to living nature. Each species adheres to its own way of life and materials—the *Terebella* to its shells and particles; the *Sabella* to its sand alone; and the *Serpula* to its limy investment. There is "more than meets the eye" in these persistent and regular building-habits—more, perchance, than the mind can explain as things are. But at least we may discover that what we call "habit" in anything, is but a name for the regular repetition of ways, tendencies, and methods, which, at first of chance character, have become stereotyped to form the fixed history of living things. ANDREW WILSON.

## WOODLAND HARVESTS.

When the cultivated produce of the earth has been garnered, and the harvest in the general acceptance of the word is over, man thinks but little, comparatively, of what is left to be scattered to the four winds of heaven. The crops from field and garden, orchard and vineyard, occupy so much of his attention that he is too apt to disregard that aftermath, as it were, of wild beauty and utility which often carries a distinct souvenir of summer far into the autumn and early winter. He is indifferent to the quality and quantity of the provender which may be found by the furred and feathered denizens of the countryside, and stored up so cunningly in their myriad ingenious little homes. Except by the philosopher, the naturalist, the artist, or kindred spirits, the later untended products of hedgerow and coppice, breezy common and forest glade, appear to be of little worth. Nor are they, perhaps, financially speaking; but, happily, we are not all financiers, in the commercial sense, and the woodland harvests possess such infinite charms, not only for the eye but for the heart, that it is no wonder the autumn, be it early or late, always calls up a tender, sympathetic emotion in the human mind. Few are wholly insensible to its influence; but, nevertheless, it claims scarcely more than a passing glance from the majority, and perhaps a sigh for the departed glories of long days and bright skies. Those, however, who know how better to value Nature's meanest gifts and beauties, find interminable pleasure in what is set before them in the fall. Not, of course, that one underrates the importance of good yields of corn and root crops, for "out of nothing cometh nothing," and if the kindly fruits of the earth fail to appear in due season in fair abundance, the whole nation suffers, from high to low. When disastrous years in this respect occur we feel how dependent life is upon the outcome of man's industry on the soil. Albeit he does not live by bread alone, yet when that is taken from him and, as it were, he has to subsist upon the husks, he may be excused for that deep anxiety in the matter of harvest which now and then blinds him to the attractions of the gorgeous spectacle remaining in the fields and woods when his principal work there for the time being is finished. But, given an easy mind on the vital question, and let his skill and farmland but be answered by an average reward, he should then be ready to welcome the woodland harvests in a calm and appreciative mood.

Who, to wit, can behold the wealth of berry beauty decking the coverts and the lanes in October without delight? Prominent among the rest, the rowan-trees are ablaze with colour, and the clusters of the little coral beads mingling with the greenery as it pales and yellows, reddens or purples, make a series of pictures which, in Nature's gallery, claim and receive posts of honour; for, be it remembered, this is the period for the annual exhibition of her artistic treasures. Her show is second to none in merit; skilled alike in the execution of the finest details and breadth of general effect, it dazzles and entrances. Look again, for instance, at that study of the wayward bramble fringing the pathway up the slope! What an example is it of graceful line in its curves and involutions! There can be no fitter herbage for a wild foreground than the tangled complications of the blackberry-bush, either growing alone or mingling with the russet fronds of the common bracken. Its sprays and shoots carry the eye, without an effort, through the intricacies of grass, and across the broken, tufted, gravelly bank. How it wanders, at its own sweet will, hither and thither; and what a rich promise of sweet juices is afforded by its fruit! The tones taken on by these productions from their tiny formation out of the pink and creamy blossom up to their full maturity turn them into very jewels as they sparkle in the sunlight amongst the variegated leafage. It is a sort of casket and depository, a concentration of the riches of this harvest, for assuredly no item in it is gathered with greater zest.

The hips and haws may seem at first equally as worthy of solicitude. Judged by their smooth, ruddy, and shining coats, they might be thought to offer as succulent a flavour as the blackberry; but, save for the birds, we fear they must take a second place, except in point of beauty. The contribution granted by the wild rose to the woodland harvest makes up in show what it lacks in flavour, resembling in this many of Pomona's highly cultivated gifts. Autumn is a grand artist, a stupendous colourist, and tinges with her magic brush all growths so cunningly, that experience alone dispels the idea that everything in the shape of a berry must be edible. Then, besides those succulent blackberries aforesaid, there is more fruity produce from the wild orchard, all of which belong legitimately to the woodland harvest-time. There is the wild strawberry asserting itself with the justifiable pride of its garden-sheltered brother; the crab-apple, suggesting in many a sunny spot that we have been put back to the time of the white-heart cherry; the sloe by the same token reminding us of a crippled crop of late damsons; and since it seems impossible altogether to exclude the thought that these good and pretty things are nice to eat, we pass on by a natural sequence to the nuts, from the tiny wild hazel up to the graceful fringed filbert-clusters on to the sumptuous walnut and chestnut. The beauty of every one of these is undeniable, and, at least to youthful palates, unquestionable in the matter of taste. But

we are not here considering the grosser side of the feast; it is rather the banquet for the eye and mind to dwell on that is in our thoughts. Nor would we particularise from the botanist's point of view each specimen of the berry tribe, for their number is infinite, and no one much more lovely in aspect than another, though not a few are deadly enough in their loveliness. The commonest and most conspicuous often yield equal, if not greater, attractions, to the appreciative gaze than the curious and rare. As an example, is it possible to conceive a more exquisitely perfect natural untended growth than the acorn? Its design absolutely seems to be without a flaw, and little wonder is there that it should have inspired poets from time immemorial with pretty fancies. Could fairies be provided with a more deftly-chased specimen of sylvan art out of which to quaff their draughts of morning dew than the acorn cup? What chalice better suited to grace the festive gatherings of Oberon and Titania's fairy trains? The delicacy of its colouring, too, will vie with the workmanship of its chiselling and embossments. That faint tinge of bronze, which partially creeping across its sunny-most side, seems to gild the prominent elevations of its reposed work whilst leaving the silvery-greenish tones in the depths of its intricacies untouched, makes it appear to be constructed of the richest ore. And further, when we remember what mighty strength and utility is symbolised in that smooth and polished egg-shaped kernel, we do not envy the man who can stoop to gather a ripened acorn from the ground among the fallen leaves without some thought of the treasure he is storing, a treasure as beautiful as it is full of meaning. Inferior to this gem of the woodlands as is, of course, the leech-mast, it must not be overlooked, and if not always a very conspicuous feature when hanging on its parent bough, it nevertheless duly plays its part in the harvest of the later autumn.

But it is the leafage after all—the sprays of fern and bramble, the flags and many-hued grasses, the quaintly-shaped red-brown tendrils and twisting climbing plants, ivy, mistletoe, what not—which go to the completion of this eye festival of the woodlands. The pretty fashion, fortunately, has spread of adorning our rooms and tables with vases and flower-stands filled with trailing and clustering examples of wild growths of every description. The æsthetic taste of the time has led to the recognition that, at least for the inhabitants of populous cities, the untended garden of Nature may be drawn upon, for decorative purposes with even a larger success than the formal lawn, flower-beds or borders, conservatory or hot-house. Not that meadow, grove, or thicket will compare exactly in their flower-shows with the purely horticultural displays of autumn; they will never, at any season, perhaps, do this. Still, it is not that the stubble-field, hedgerow, brake, and spinney are devoid of floral garniture. Plenty of wild flowers and blossoms here and there remain to spangle and begem the deepening or paling mellow of the dying foliage; but Nature means their place in the galaxy of beauty to be taken by their fruit, the berries; for in the main she has the happy artistic knack of deepening all her tones and shades of colour with the declining year, thus enriching, step by step, her whole aspect, even, as one may say, up to her very death; even until the first keen frost sweeps each bough and twig clean of the last remnants of its summer garb, leaving naught but the—

Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

W. W. F.

Sir Lowthian Bell, F.R.S., has been appointed vice-chairman of the Organising Committee of the Imperial Institute in the place of the late Sir John Rose.

The members of the Honourable Artillery Company have decided to place themselves under the Volunteer Act, accepting the assurance of the Prince of Wales that their ancient privileges and precedence would be maintained.

Colonel the Hon. Paul Methuen, C.B., C.M.G., of the Scots Guards, who commanded the Bechuanaland Field-Force in 1885, has been selected for the post of Adjutant-General in South Africa, under Lieutenant-General Smyth, in command of the forces there.

The Queen has approved of the following Colonial appointments:—The Earl of Onslow to be Governor of New Zealand, on the retirement of Lieutenant-General Sir W. Jervois; Sir Henry Arthur Blake, Governor of Newfoundland, to be Governor of Queensland; Sir Terence O'Brien, Governor of Heligoland, to be Governor of Newfoundland; Mr. Arthur Cecil Stuart Barkley, Chief Commissioner of the Seychelles Islands, to be Governor of Heligoland; Mr. William Frederick Haynes Smith, Attorney-General of British Guiana, to be Governor of the Leeward Islands.

At St. John's College, Cambridge, William Nicholas Roseveare, B.A., Edward Hamilton Acton, B.A., Frederick William Hill, B.A., Thomas Darlington, B.A., and Henry Frederick Baker, B.A., have been elected into fellowship. Dr. Glaisher, Professor Thomson, and Dr. Gaskell have been elected representative members of the General Board of Studies for four years, from Jan. 1, 1889.—The Right Rev. William Stubbs, D.D., Bishop Designate of Oxford, has been elected to an honorary fellowship in Oriel College. Mr. William Paton Ker, M.A., of All Souls, has been elected to a fellowship in that college.

At the Brompton Hospital, the first entertainment of the twenty-second annual season took place on Nov. 6, under the direction of Mdlle. Alice Roselli. An excellent programme of music and recitations was provided and well carried out by Mdlle. Alice Roselli, Miss Blanche Renwick, Madame Isabel Fasset, Mr. William Nicholl, Mr. Pavett, Mr. Gilbert Campbell, Mr. Meade, Miss Bessie Byrne, Miss Mary Carmichael, and Mr. Lazarus, with Mr. Henry Bird as accompanist. There were many encores most kindly acceded to, but we have only space to mention the charming duo "When daisies pied," by Mdlle. Alice Roselli and Mr. Lazarus, and "I'm a Roamer," by Mr. Gilbert Campbell.

The French Minister of Marine and the Colonies has issued a statement showing the actual condition of the French colonies. The total area of these colonies (Algeria and Tunis not being included) is given at 2,000,000 square kilometres, and the population 22,000,000, not including the Congo region. As to the commercial relations of these colonies with the mother country, Martinique and Guadeloupe are those which do the most business. Each of them sends 17,000,000 francs-worth of merchandise to France. French India comes next with 16,000,000; then follow St. Pierre and Miquelon with 15,000,000, mostly cod and cod-liver oil; Senegal, 14,000,000; Réunion, 10,000,000; Guiana, 5,000,000; and all the other colonies about 8,000,000. Algeria and Tunis are not included in this; if their exports to France are added they would bring the total up to 100,000,000. If, besides, the exports of French colonies to other countries be taken account of, it would bring the total value of French colonial exports up to a sum of 227,000,000. Another 200,000,000 represent the total imports of the French colonies, so that the entire trade of the French colonial empire amounts to about 18,000,000 sterling, just about equal to the value of the trade between Great Britain and Canada.



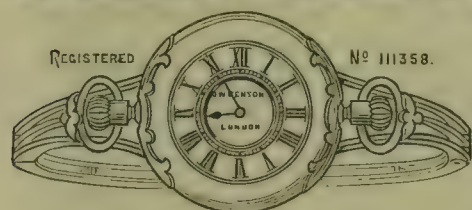
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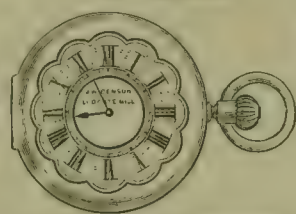
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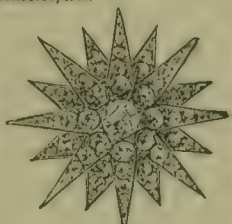
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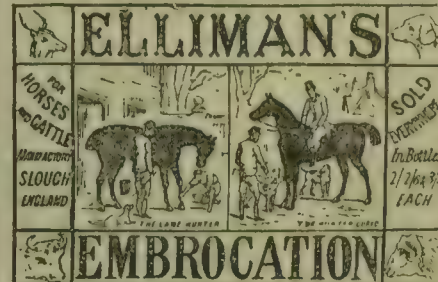
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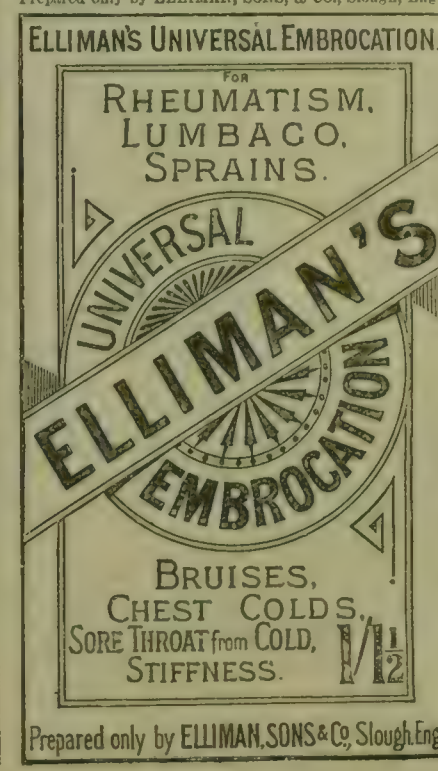
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 5, 1886) of Mr. Alfred Backhouse, J.P., late of Pilmore Hall, Darlington, and Dryderdale, Wolsingham, who died on Sept. 2, was proved on Oct. 24 by Edmund Backhouse, Edward Backhouse Mounsey, and James Edward Backhouse, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £370,000. The testator bequeaths £5000, the use, for life, of his household furniture and effects, and an annuity of £8000 to his wife, Mrs. Rachel Backhouse; £5000 each to Thomas Edward Mounsey, Ada Mounsey, Elizabeth Mounsey, and John Wilfred Mounsey; £1000 to each executor; £1000 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society and the Darlington Hospital and Dispensary; an annuity of £150 to his brother-in-law, William Mounsey; and £20,000 to his nephew Edward Backhouse Mounsey—but this sum is not to be paid till after the death of testator's wife. He gives, devises, and bequeaths all his colliery property, as to one half thereof, to his nephews and nieces, Thomas William Backhouse, John Edward Backhouse, Arthur Backhouse, and Mary Agnes Backhouse; and as to the other half thereof, to his nephews and nieces, Edward Backhouse Mounsey, John Wilfred Mounsey, Lucy Elizabeth Mounsey, Anna P. Mounsey, and Mary Emma Mounsey; certain freehold, leasehold, and copyhold lands and premises in the counties of Durham and York, to his wife, for life, and then to his nephew James Edward Backhouse; and other real estate in the said counties to his nephew Edward Backhouse Mounsey. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, as to one moiety thereof, between Thomas William Backhouse, John Edward Backhouse, Arthur Backhouse, and Mary Agnes Backhouse; and the remaining moiety between Edward Backhouse Mounsey, John Wilfred Mounsey, Lucy Elizabeth Mounsey, Anna P. Mounsey, and Mary Emma Mounsey.

The will (dated March 22, 1888) of the Hon. Mrs. Mary Byron, wife of the Hon. and Rev. William Byron, late of No. 17, Portland-place, who died on Oct. 2, was proved on Nov. 6 by the Hon. and Rev. Augustus Byron, Edward Thornton, and John Watson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £125,000. The testatrix, after reciting sundry indentures of settlement, devises all her lands and premises in Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire upon trust for her sister, Anne Adelaide Burnside, for life, and then to her stepson, George Anson Byron; and all premises at Radcliffe-on-Trent, and all property comprised in the second "Realty Settlement" to her sister, absolutely. She bequeaths £47,000, with the option of an annuity of £2000 in the place thereof, to her husband; £3000, upon trust, for her nephew, William Elliott Burnside; £200 per annum during the life of her husband, and at his death £10,000, to the trustees of the settlement of her stepdaughter, Edith Mary Noel; and other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves to her said sister, Anne Adelaide Burnside.

The will (dated Nov. 11, 1887), with a codicil (dated May 3, 1888), of Mr. John Edward Bartlett, D.L., J.P., late of Peverel Court, Stone, Aylesbury, who died on Aug. 1, at Buxton, was proved in the District Registry of Oxford, on Sept. 26, by Mrs. Sarah Emily Bartlett, the widow, Frederick Napier, the Rev. John Llewellyn Roberts, and Henry Hearn, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £102,000. The testator gives the "Kirkland Family Plate" and certain jewels to his daughter, Sybilla Mackenzie Kirkland Bartlett; £600, all his furniture, plate, pictures, &c., and Peverel Court to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Emily Bartlett; £100 to each executor; £10,000 each to his sons Edward Noel Napier Bartlett, John Francis,

Charles Frederick, and Alfred James; £9000 each to his daughters Lillian Emily and Florence Mary; £6000 to his daughter Sybilla, and also all the money and securities standing to the account of the "John Edward Bartlett Trust Fund" at the Aylesbury Branch of the Bucks and Oxon Bank; but one half only of these sums is to be paid during the life of his wife. He devises the advowson of Spratton, Northampton, to his son Edward; also certain lands and hereditaments in Buckinghamshire between him and his sons John and Alfred; and all his lands in the county of Salop to his son Charles. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay such a sum as will, with the income of certain property which his wife is entitled to for life, make up £2000 per annum; and the ultimate residue to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Dec. 14, 1863), with a codicil (dated April 27, 1868), of Mr. John Newman, D.L., J.P., late of Brand's House, Hughenden, Buckinghamshire, who died on Aug. 17, was proved on Oct. 13, in the District Registry at Oxford, by Henry Williams and Samuel Newman, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £101,000. The testator leaves all his property, both real and personal, unto his five children, Samuel, Frederick, William Henry, Mrs. Mary Anne D'Arcy, and Mrs. Elizabeth Williams, in equal shares, as tenants in common; but any sums advanced to them in his lifetime are to be brought into hotchpot.

The will (dated Nov. 13, 1885) of Mr. Robert Crossley, late of Arden House, Halifax, Yorkshire, who died on Sept. 20, was proved on Nov. 2 by James Nicholl and John Leach, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £26,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his grandson, Robert Wallis Crossley; certain shares in coal mines to his daughter-in-law, Mary Alice Crossley, and to Robert Wallis Crossley; £25 to each executor; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay the jointure mentioned in his marriage settlement to his wife, and the residue of the income to his three daughters, Sarah Jane Crossley, Mrs. Lois Wainman, and Mrs. Martha Elizabeth Kirkby, or the survivor of them; and upon the death of the survivor of them, as to the capital as well as the income, as the survivor shall appoint, with the exception of certain premises in Waterhouse-street and Crossley-street, Halifax, which he gives to his said grandson, Robert Wallis Crossley.

The will (dated Oct. 23, 1876), with three codicils (dated March 10, 1878; Jan. 12 and Sept. 26, 1886), of Ernest Louis Henri Hyacinthe Arrighi De Casanova, Duc de Padoue, an ex-Minister of the late Imperial Government, late of No. 16, Place des Etats-Unis, Paris, and of Corsica, who died on March 28 last, was proved on Nov. 2 by Marie Marguerite Adela Burat, Duchesse de Padoue, the lawful widow, the value of the personal estate in England exceeding £24,000. The testator states that, Providence having refused him a son, he desires expressly that his title should be transmitted to his grandson, Ernest De Caraman, to whom he gives, by way of preciput and extra portion, all his property in Corsica, 30,000*fr.* in the event of the title being revived in his favour, and all his souvenirs of the Imperial family; and he desires him to carry on the traditions of the family, and to remain the protector of his relatives, especially those with the name of Arrighi De Casanova. He bequeaths an annuity of 25,000*fr.* to his wife, for life or widowhood, but in the event of her marrying again she is only to receive the sum secured to her by her marriage settlement; 30,000*fr.* to Captain Ernest Arrighi De Casanova; 10,000*fr.* to Joseph Arrighi De Casanova; 10,000*fr.* to Pierre

Ernest Guelfucci; 10,000*fr.* each to his grandson and granddaughter, Charles and Elizabeth De Caraman, and legacies to his servants. The testator does not name any executor or residuary legatee.

The will (dated Sept. 11, 1885) of Mr. Arthur Ditchfield, late of No. 12, Taverton-street, Gordon-square, who died on Sept. 14, was proved on Nov. 5 by John Lewis Roget, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £23,000. The testator bequeaths his etchings after Charles Jacque and his lithographs by French artists to the trustees of the British Museum, for the benefit of the nation; and certain of his oil and water-colour paintings by celebrated artists to the trustees of the National Collection at the South Kensington Museum. He gives £1000 each to the Artists' Orphan Fund and the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, and specific gifts and annuities to relatives. The residue of his property he leaves to his sister, Mrs. Frances Roget.

The will (dated May 1, 1886) of Mrs. Emily Cuno, formerly of No. 25, East Cliff, Dover, but late of No. 6, Dalberg-road, Brixton, who died on Sept. 27, was proved on Nov. 1 by the Hon. John William Mansfield and Charles Thomas Arnold, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £17,000. Subject to a gift of £100 to the Hon. Mr. Mansfield, the testatrix leaves all her property to Henry Mansfield Cuno, her adopted son.

The will (dated June 24, 1886) of General Morden Carthew, C.B., late of Denton Lodge, Harleston, Norfolk, who died on Sept. 4, was proved on Oct. 23, at the District Registry, Norwich, by Mrs. Mary Carthew, the widow, and Morden Carthew-Yorston, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £9000. The testator gives £200 and all his household furniture to his wife; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and on her decease as to £1000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Emily Jane Dashwood; the income of £2000 to his daughter Mary till she marries, and then she is to receive £1000; £2000 to his son Ewart; and the ultimate residue between his daughters, Mrs. Jemima Fanny Ruten and Mrs. Rigg, and his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Matilda Carthew.

Mr. Thomas Lewis, Principal Clerk of the Pay Office, Supreme Court, has been appointed Deputy-Assistant Paymaster-General for Supreme Court business, in place of the late Mr. G. E. Skinner.

At a meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, held on Thursday, Nov. 8, its silver medal and a copy of the vote, inscribed on vellum, were voted to Mr. J. O. Williams, honorary secretary of the Holyhead branch, in acknowledgement of his valuable services for many years in the New Brighton, Milford, and Fishguard life-boats, in addition to assisting in other ways to save life from shipwreck. Rewards amounting to £240 were granted to the crews of life-boats belonging to the institution, and those of shore-boats for saving life from shipwrecks on our coasts. Payments amounting to £4404 were made on the 293 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received were £4 1*7s.* 9*d.*, proceeds of the sale of a newspaper on board the R.M.S. Coptic, per Mr. W. J. Rae; £2 10*s.* 6*d.*, offertory after Harvest Festival at West London School, Ashford, per the Rev. Hugh J. Flynn, D.D., Chaplain; and 15*s.*, proceeds of a concert given by the boys and girls of the National School, Leigh, Reigate, per Mr. J. R. Goodchild, head-master. Reports were read from the district inspectors of life-boats on their recent visits to life-boat stations.

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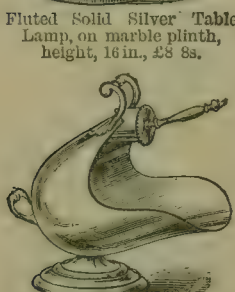


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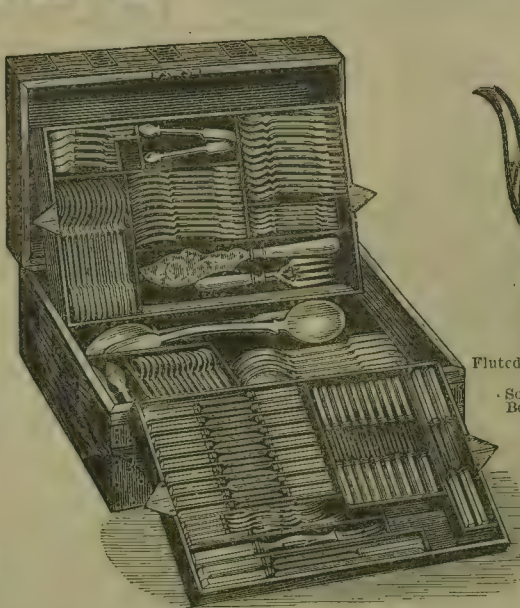
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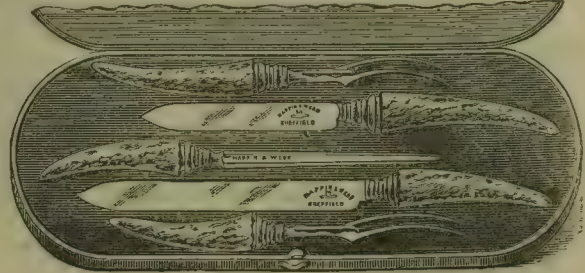
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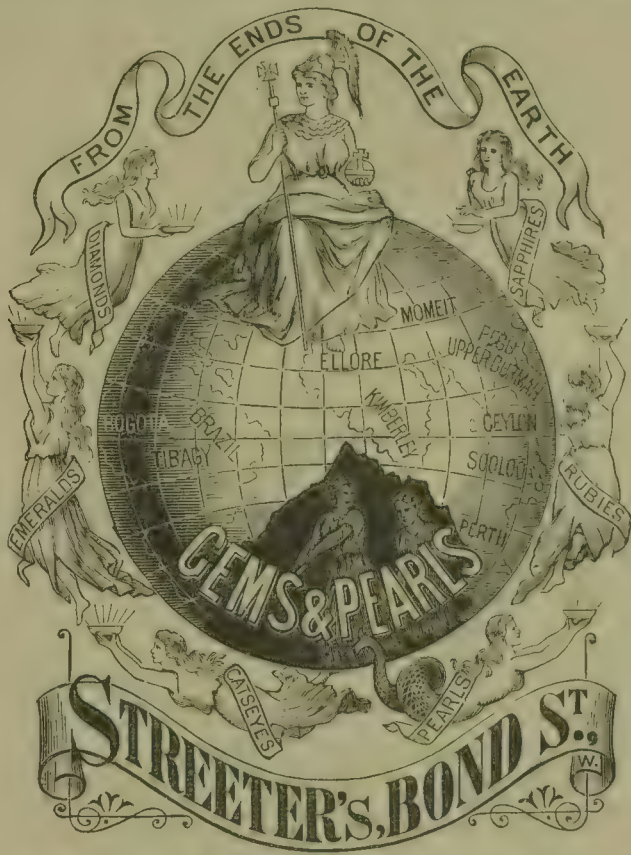


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## THE SILENT MEMBER.

The eloquent Home Rule advocacy of Mr. Gladstone at Birmingham has made no impression upon the Prime Minister or the Marquis of Hartington, whose firm alliance in support of Liberal Unionist principles and the present Unionist Government has been cemented by frequent interviews and by their appearance together at the noteworthy Nonconformist banquet given in their honour as joint Leaders of the Conservative and Liberal Unionist party. Lord Salisbury has meantime found legislative business slack in the House of Lords. A Tuesday's sitting has sufficed the Lords each week. As an instance of the ease with which ticklish questions may be dealt with when a Conservative Ministry is in power, it may be mentioned that the Oaths Bill, fostered by Earl Spencer on the Thirteenth of November, was read a second time without opposition from the Government bench.

The Home Secretary was the chief Ministerial actor in the House of Commons on the Twelfth of November. There is in the Parliamentary manner of Mr. Henry Matthews, as he approaches the table with the studied grace of a *jeune premier* not in his first youth, and employs action and gestures which might have been taught by the late Mr. John Ryder, of histrionic fame, something that suggests experience in amateur theatricals. The right hon. gentleman certainly had a dramatic point to make at the sitting in question. He announced the resignation by Sir Charles Warren of the arduous post of Chief Commissioner of Police; the resignation of the gallant officer being directly due, as the Home Secretary stated the following day, to the official remonstrance addressed to him on the publication of the article on police administration in *Murray's Magazine*. A duly qualified civilian would be the fittest successor of Sir Charles Warren.

Mr. Gladstone's reappearance as Leader of the Opposition

on the Thirteenth of November was the signal for the customary salvo of cheers from the Home Rulers. There was a lively discussion on Mr. Jennings's motion for a reduction of £500 in the vote of £153,315 for the Supreme Court of Judicature. The complaint is at the Royal Courts of Justice that the staff is undermined. But, in his zeal for economy in national expenditure, Mr. Jennings laboured to show that the utmost extravagance existed and that sinecures abounded. Lord Randolph Churchill (who thinks "lawyers are paid five or six times as much for their services as laymen") vigorously supported his henchman. With good reason did the noble Lord animadvert on the absence of the great majority of members whilst important votes were under consideration, and he warmly inveighed against what he alleged to be the extravagant expenditure described by the hon. member for Stockport. Mr. Labouchere spoke to the same effect. Sir Richard Webster and Mr. W. H. Smith lifted their voices in favour of the existing state of things, as is the invariable custom of Ministers on such occasions, whichever Party happens to be in power. But the vote was only saved by a majority of nineteen—148 against 129 votes—Mr. Gladstone and most of the Opposition voting with Mr. Jennings. The Tory-Democratic group of members (of whom Lord Randolph Churchill is chief) will undoubtedly strengthen their position in the country by this resolute advocacy of public economy.

## BIRTH.

On Nov. 5, the wife of Patrick Henderson, her Majesty's Consul at Cadiz, of a daughter.

## DEATH.

On Oct. 31, at her residence, 6, Barkham-terrace, Ann Hewett, aged 86, widow of the late Captain William Hewett, R.N.

\* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

## THE COURT.

Divine service was performed at Balmoral Castle on Sunday morning, Nov. 11, in the presence of the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and the Royal household. Her Majesty, who is in good health, has taken walks and drives nearly every day. It has been officially announced that the Court is to arrive at Windsor on the morning of Friday, Nov. 16.

Nov. 9 was the forty-seventh anniversary of the Prince of Wales's birthday, and the event was commemorated at Sandringham by a dinner to the labourers and artisans and by a ball in the evening. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and the three Princesses, were present at Divine service on Sunday morning, Nov. 11, at the church of St. Mary Magdalene, in the park, the ladies and gentlemen of the household being in attendance. The Prince left Sandringham on the 12th by special train for Derby. He has been the guest of Lord and Lady Hindlip, and during the Derby races was present at them each day. The Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, left Charing-cross Station for Dover in the evening en route for Copenhagen, to be present at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession to the throne of her father, the King of Denmark.

Madrid has been much agitated by large bodies of students and workmen making hostile demonstrations against Señor Canovas.

The new Canadian Ecclesiastical College, in Rome, was inaugurated on Nov. 11 by a splendid *fête* and a banquet, at which the Cardinal-Vicar presided.

At the Hotel Mont Doré, Bournemouth, a new wing, a winter garden, and an extensive covered lawn-tennis court, have been opened in connection with the hotel. The cost of these elaborate additions is from £20,000 to £30,000.

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Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Degrave.

Tuesday, 22nd—Saturday, 26th.  
L E C A I D.  
Mesdames Samé, Vaillant-Couturier;  
Messieurs Bertin, Degrave, Bouland.

Tuesday, 29th.  
M I G N O N.  
Mesdames Samé, Vaillant-Couturier;  
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Degrave.

February.  
Saturday, 2nd.  
M I G N O N.  
Mesdames Samé, Vaillant-Couturier;  
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Degrave.

Tuesday, 5th—Saturday, 9th.  
F A I S T.  
Mesdames Fidès-Devriès, Bouland;  
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Degrave.

Tuesday, 12th—Saturday, 16th.  
L E S P E C H E U R S D E P E R L E S.  
Madame Fidès-Devriès;  
Messieurs Dupuy, Soulaïroix, Degrave.

Tuesday, 19th—Saturday, 23rd.  
R I G O L E T T O.  
Mesdames Fidès-Devriès, Bouland;  
Messieurs Dupuy, Soulaïroix, Degrave.

Tuesday, 26th.  
L E S D R A G O N S D E V I L L A R S.  
Mesdames Deschamps, Bouland;  
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Bouland.

March.  
Saturday, 2nd.  
L E S D R A G O N S D E V I L L A R S.  
Mesdames Deschamps, Bouland;  
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix, Bouland.

Thursday, 7th—Saturday, 9th.  
C A R M E N.  
Mesdames Deschamps, Vaillant-Couturier, Soulaïroix;  
Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulaïroix.

Tuesday, 12th—Saturday, 16th.  
M A N O N.  
Madame Vaillant-Couturier;  
Messieurs Talazac, Soulaïroix, Degrave.

Tuesday, 19th—Saturday, 23rd.  
R O M É O E T J U L I E T T E.  
Mademoiselle Simonnet;  
Messieurs Talazac, Soulaïroix, Degrave.

Monday, 26th—Saturday, 30th.  
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SECOND NOTICE.

The West Gallery contains some of the most distinctive works in the exhibition, although the distinction aimed at does not always soar very high. Mr. J. J. Shannon's star has risen very rapidly, but not in any way out of comparison with his deserts. He has an appreciative eye, a ready hand, and a sense of beauty both of form and colour; but his admirers will do well to rest content with the display of those qualities. His two works, Mrs. White (10) and "Rose Pink" (53), display his powers and his shortcomings in a very marked way. The former, which is only a portrait *en buste*, is brilliant and full of life; but it has a suggestion of vulgarity, which, by-the-way, is not now-a-days considered a very serious drawback to a pretty woman. "Rose Pink" is a more ambitious work—a seated full-length figure of a lady prepared for a walk, but so arranged that the artist evidently considers her dress more interesting than her face. If we are to have portraits which force themselves upon the attention, and which would never be the quiet, unobtrusive companions of our solitude, we honestly confess our preference for such works as Mr. T. B. Kennington's portrait of Madame G. (98) and Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's Mrs. Ernest Löwy (116) in their black dresses, which serve as a foil to bring out the brilliancy of the flesh-tones and to give vivacity to the face. There are two other portraits also in this gallery which are well deserving of attention: those of Baron Gevers (147) and of the Comte de Saint-Genys (156), both by Mr. Hubert Vos, who betrays, perhaps involuntarily, his Dutch origin in his direct treatment and subdued colour. Amongst the figure-subjects Mr. John Reid's "Our Fisher-Folk" (154), a group of Cornish fishermen and their belongings, is an instance of strong drawing and bright colour; but, whilst admitting its cleverness, one cannot but feel that it aims at something almost too dramatic than such a group would naturally suggest, whilst it is too essentially prosaic to move one's inner feelings. On the other hand, M. Fantin-Latour's renderings of scenes from two of Wagner's operas, the "Rheingold" (121) and "Siegfried" (175), are amongst the best attempts at imaginative painting in this room. The figure of Brunhilda, in the former, is most delicately conceived, and the poet's idea of the maiden's doom is depicted with full appreciation of the main idea. M. Fantin's mastery of colour is becoming more noticeable, and he now treats himself and his admirers to a somewhat more extended palette. Mr. Horace Fisher's "Pigeons' Breakfast" (1) is a bright scene which may be assigned to an Italian village where the costumes are bright, the streets narrow, and the sun dazzling. These ingredients are well mixed by Mr. Fisher, who produces them with a pleasant result; but, in spite of costume and sunshine, the figures of the girls are not so bright and piquant as that of Miss Alba Stefani (18) as depicted by Mr. Melton Fisher. Into his "Between Whiles" (159)—illustrating the duties of the serving brothers in a monastery—Mr. Dendy Sadler manages to throw a good deal of humour and character by means of strong painting; whilst Mr. Edgar Giberne, in his "Little Bo-peep" (31), has a similar aim in view, but relies upon far slighter materials. In landscapes the Institute is generally fairly well provided, and, although we miss one or two well-known names, their places are supplied by new-comers eager to attract public notice. Mr. George Wetherbee's "Autumn" (43) is a simple treatment of a woman carrying faggots, conceived in the French spirit of Jules Breton. The colour and sentiment of this poor toiler, whose summer seems to have been so short,

are alike admirable, although somewhat sad. Very different thoughts are suggested by Mr. Ernest Parton's "Dreary Day" (29), full of light and rest among the trees, of which the leaves do not obscure the brightness. This is quite Mr. Parton's best work, less complicated in arrangement and colour, and more definite in conception than his "Home Amongst the Trees" (427), or his tangled study of "Lilies and Rushes" (576), which, nevertheless, have the charm of recalling sunny days spent amid the backwaters of the Thames. Mr. Heleke's "Evening" (91) goes back to a somewhat sadder view of the field and sedge-land across which the "swinked" toilers are slowly wending their homeward way. Almost as much praise is due to Mr. David Murray's "Eventide" (102), which shows a very distinct effort to get free of the mannerism of much of his recent work. These evening shades have also inspired Mr. Fred. Cotman with an excellent treatment of "St. Ives" (158)—that of Huntingdonshire, not Cornwall—and is especially interesting as affording comparison with Mr. Robert W. Allan's very fine rendering of the Dutch town of "Middelburg" (148), as well as with that of another town amid the flats—"Sandwich" (167), as depicted by Mr. T. Pyne. To these should be added Mr. Aumonier's "Sussex Lane" (189), with its horses going to the pound; Mr. Adrian Stokes' "On the Cornish Towans" (86); and Mr. Sidney Moore's exceedingly delicate work, both in figure and landscape, "In dewy morn she came this way" (72).

East Gallery will not detain us long, although some of the pictures are quite above the ordinary average of these exhibitions. No two artists are more distinct in method and purpose than are Mr. John Burr and the Hon. John Collier; and it is, therefore, curious to see what each sends as a typical study. "An Artist's Model" (474) by the first named is a clever, but somewhat laborious, handling of an old woman in a poke-bonnet, whose age-worn face makes for her a fortune amongst artists of Mr. Faed's following. Mr. Collier's study (487) is that of a young girl with a profusion of fair hair falling over her bare shoulders, which should have afforded the artist the opportunity of practically applying the theory of painting of which he is one of the recent professors. But in this face, as in the portrait of Mrs. Alfred Eckersley (413), he seems to have fallen away from that brilliancy and transparency which marked some of his earlier works. We are not sure if we do not prefer Mr. Herman Herkomer's portrait of Miss Margaret Jex-Blake (577) as a work; but it must be taken into account that the latter has aimed rather at showing strength of character than mere facial beauty and elegance in his picture. Miss B. M. Latham's study (568), although obviously only a beginner's work, shows no little promise in the arrangement of drapery and ease of attitude. The colour is a trifle cold, and we are left in doubt as to what the artist's capacities are in rendering the face, which in this case is only suggested in the gloom. Whilst willing to hope that in his "Salome" (587) Mr. E. A. Storey has given play to his imagination, it is rather too realistic in its treatment to take a place beside such ideals as Mr. Henry Stock's "Sin Piercing the Heart of Love" (590), which hangs close by. The figure of the thorn-crowned youth in an uneasy chair conveys very obscurely the artist's meaning as explained in the text; but even more difficult is it to understand by what circuitous route the dart of the cruel monster is to reach the heart of the sufferer. Mr. Stock in his other imaginative work, "A Soul Contemplating the Grass of the Field" (462), represents a young child picking ox-eyed daisies. There is more pathos and direct appeal to sentiment in such a work as Mrs. Arthur Hacker's "Children's Prayer" (537) at the side of their peasant

mother; but Mr. Phil Morris's "Rose on the Thorn" (550), whilst displaying a certain technical ability, reminds one too forcibly of an unnatural union of Tissot and Mason. A young girl swinging under a may-tree, surrounded by "dappled hinds," such as we have seen before, is Mr. Morris's work. The landscape-painters in this room, as in the other, seem to have found the evening effects this year more attractive than any other. Mr. Alfred East's "Evening after a Storm" (426), with its purple tints upon the sea, is a somewhat artificial study, and hardly so attractive as his "Moonrise" (540)—a subject which, in spite of the difficulties it presents to the colourist, also tempts Mr. Alexander Harrison (567), and is even more powerfully handled by Mr. Arthur Severn (468) in his study of "Ilex-trees." There is plenty of atmosphere and movement in Mr. Edwin Hayes' "Fishing Fleet off Granton" (477), which is quite the best sea-piece in the exhibition; though for richness of colour and fanciful resource Mr. Stuart Lloyd's "Lobster-Fishers" (469) will obtain perhaps more admiration. We should also mention Mr. C. E. Johnson's "Wint'ry Wind" (422), Mr. James Webb's "Sunshine and Showers" (521), Mr. Alexander Harrison's "Purple and Gold" (504), Mr. Keeley Halswelle's "Autumn Tints" (531), and Mr. Frank Walton's "Padstow Point" (582), as works of no little merit, and showing some effort to break away from the ordinary style of their respective artists.

Mr. Daniel O'Connell French, Q.C., of the Northern Circuit, has been elected a Benchler of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple, in succession to the late Mr. James Anderson, Q.C., one of the Official Referees. Mr. French was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1872, and was created a Queen's Counsel in 1885.

The Company of Clothworkers have resolved to contribute £2500 towards the North London Technical Institutes, to be apportioned thus:—£2000 towards an institute in Islington, where the Company have a considerable estate as trustees of the Packington Charity as well as in their own corporate right; and £500 towards one in Hackney, where they also possess property, limited, however, to specific charitable trusts.

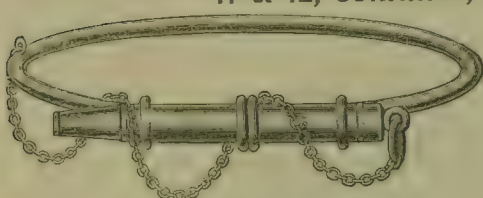
Persons desirous of seeing chrysanthemums in their prime should hasten to see the excellent show in the Inner Temple Gardens, now open to the public.—The November show of chrysanthemums, primulas, fruit, and vegetables in connection with the National Chrysanthemum Society recently held at the Aquarium, was the largest and most attractive exhibition ever held under the auspices of the society.—The annual chrysanthemum shows hold a prominent place among the regular attractions of the Crystal Palace, and a fine display was recently exhibited there.

Dr. Frithjof Nansen's daring attempt to cross Greenland from east to west on snow-shoes has proved successful. A letter from Mr. Sverdrup, who accompanied Dr. Nansen, has been received. The writer says:—"The journey from the east coast to Godthaab took forty-six days. Landing on the east coast was difficult, owing to the ice-packing and the strong current. Worked twelve days before reaching land. Landed sixty miles further south than calculated. Travelling on the inland ice in the direction of Christianshaab commenced on Aug. 15. Having arrived at a height of 7500 ft., a snowstorm from the north forced us to make for Godthaab. Greatest height reached, 10,000 ft.; thermometer, 40.50 deg. Arriving at a fjord, a boat was built partly of the tent-canvas, in which Nansen and the writer rowed to Godthaab, where we arrived after four days' rowing."

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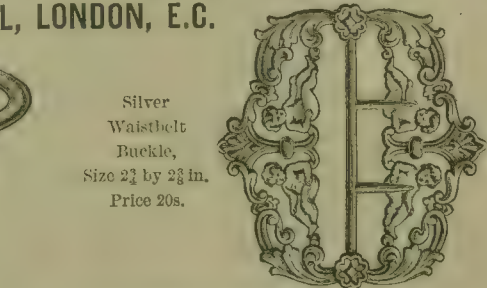
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# HEADING THE POLL BY 212 VOTES.

(From "Modern Truth.")

The great success and popularity of an article has now been confirmed by a Post-Card Competition inaugurated by that old, well-known, popular, and influential paper, "The Chemist and Druggist," a copy of which reaches each week nearly, if not quite, every dealer in medicine in the United Kingdom and the Colonies, besides having a large circulation on the Continent and in the United States. The publishers of this paper recently conceived the idea of ascertaining from the Trade the most popular preparation for outward application now being manufactured and sold. With this object in view, they invited a Post-Card Competition, each dealer to name on said post-card the preparation for outward application which was most popular with his customers.

The publishers received 635 post-cards, with the following results:—

St. Jacobs Oil ... ..	384	Bow's Liniment ... ..	7
Elliman's Embrocation... ..	172	Perry Davis's Pain Killer ... ..	7
Holloway's Ointment ... ..	32	Vaseline ... ..	4
Allcock's Porous Plaisters ... ..	19	Cuticura ... ..	2

while eight other outward applications had one vote each.

It will thus be seen that St. Jacobs Oil was named by 384 different dealers as being the most popular remedy sold for outward application, leaving 251 (less than half) to be divided among fifteen other remedies; showing conclusively, if further evidence were wanted, that St. Jacobs Oil to-day stands pre-eminent among all other proprietary medicines for outward application. In fact, the sales of St. Jacobs Oil are more than double those of any other proprietary medicine in the world, and ten times greater than those of all other liniments and embrocations.

This wonderful success rests on the solid foundation of merit (acknowledged everywhere) which St. Jacobs Oil possesses, combined with systematic, original, and dignified advertising, which has always characterised the announcements of the proprietors. It is advertised only for such ailments as it will cure, and hence it possesses the confidence of all classes of people, and has become a household word in every civilised country.

The popularity of St. Jacobs Oil has become the subject of comment by almost the entire press of the country; in many instances the leading articles of large and influential papers have been devoted to the details of what seem to be almost magical cures effected by the use of St. Jacobs Oil in local cases, coming under the immediate attention of the publishers. St. Jacobs Oil is endorsed by Statesmen, Judges, the Clergy, the Medical Profession, as well as by people in every walk of life.

The publishers of one of the leading society papers of London have taken to analysing some of the leading patent medicines, also to investigating their published testimonials, with the result of creating quite a commotion among certain proprietors. Injurious effects likely to follow the use of patent medicines, published testimonials given from addresses which only exist in the mind of a clever writer in the company's employ, are fully exposed. Suits for heavy damages have been threatened by the proprietors of the remedies thus exposed. Injured innocence puts on a bold front, but the publishers of the paper in question do not frighten easily; they have taken up a question of vital interest to the public, and they propose to turn on the full light of intelligent investigation. One most excellent feature of this exposure is, that the public are enabled to discriminate between worthless nostrums and those really good remedies. The publishers evidently take this view of the question, for their last investigation is a most flattering one for the proprietors of that noted remedy St. Jacobs Oil. The following is the report, headed:—"The Verdict of the People of London on St. Jacobs Oil":—

Mr. William Howes, civil engineer, 66, Red Lion-street, High Holborn, W.C., was afflicted with rheumatism for twenty years. Sometimes his hands swelled to twice their natural size; his joints were so stiff that he could not walk, and his feet so sore that he could not bear any weight on them. Nothing relieved him till he applied St. Jacobs Oil. The result was marvellous. Before using the contents of two bottles all pain left him, and he is now in perfect health.

Mr. C. H. PALMER, Secretary of the Conservative Defence Association, and Overseer of the District of Islington, said:—"For a long time I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia in my face and head, and rheumatism in my limbs. After trying various remedies without obtaining relief, I procured a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, the use of which completely removed every trace of pain."

Mr. EDWARD PETERSON, electric light engineer, of 36, Whetstone-park, W.C., said:—"There can be no two opinions respecting the value of St. Jacobs Oil. I was completely used up with rheumatism in my arms and shoulders; a few good rubbings with that famous Oil drove all pain away."

Mr. HENRY JOHN BARLOW, of 4, Staple's Inn Buildings, Holborn Bars, W.C., said:—"I had rheumatism in my feet and legs, which became so bad that I was hardly able to walk. St. Jacobs Oil removed all pain, and completely cured me."

Mrs. WOLFSBERGER, Matron of Moore-street Home for Poor Crippled and Orphan Boys, 17, Queen-street, Edgware-road, said:—"That St. Jacobs Oil has been used in the Home, and that it is powerful in relieving neuralgia and general rheumatism."

Mr. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT, of 7, Alfred-place, Bedford-square, W.C., said:—"Having for years been a great sufferer from rheumatism in my limbs, I used St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me directly, after other remedies had signally failed."

HENRY AND ANN BRIGHT, Hon. Superintendents of the North London Home for Aged Christian Blind Women, say:—"That St. Jacobs Oil has proved unfailing; that rheumatism and neuralgia have in every case been removed by using the Oil, and many old ladies, some of them ninety years old, instead of tossing about in agony, now enjoy good nights' rest through its influence."

Mr. N. PRICE, of 14, Tabernacle-square, Finsbury, E.C., said:—"My wrist, that I had strained two years before, and which had given me pain without intermission, yielded like magic to the application of St. Jacobs Oil."

Mr. J. CLARK, of 21, South Island-place, Brixton-road, said:—"Although I was not able to rise from a sitting position without the aid of a chair, I was able to stand and walk after the application of St. Jacobs Oil."

Mr. J. WILKINSON, 88, Pentham-road, South Hackney, suffered from rheumatism in his feet and legs for twenty years. The contents of one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil drove away all pain, and brought about an effectual cure."

ROBERT GEORGE WATTS, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.S., of Albion House, Quadrant-road, Canonbury, N., said:—"I cannot refrain from testifying to the very great efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in all cases of chronic rheumatism, sciatica, and neuralgia."

Rev. EDWARD SINGLETON, M.A., 30, Bournevue-road, Streatham, said:—"St. Jacobs Oil removed all pain directly."

Rev. W. J. CAULFIELD BROWNE, M.A., Rector, Kittsford Rectory, said:—"My parishioners, under my recommendation, use St. Jacobs Oil."

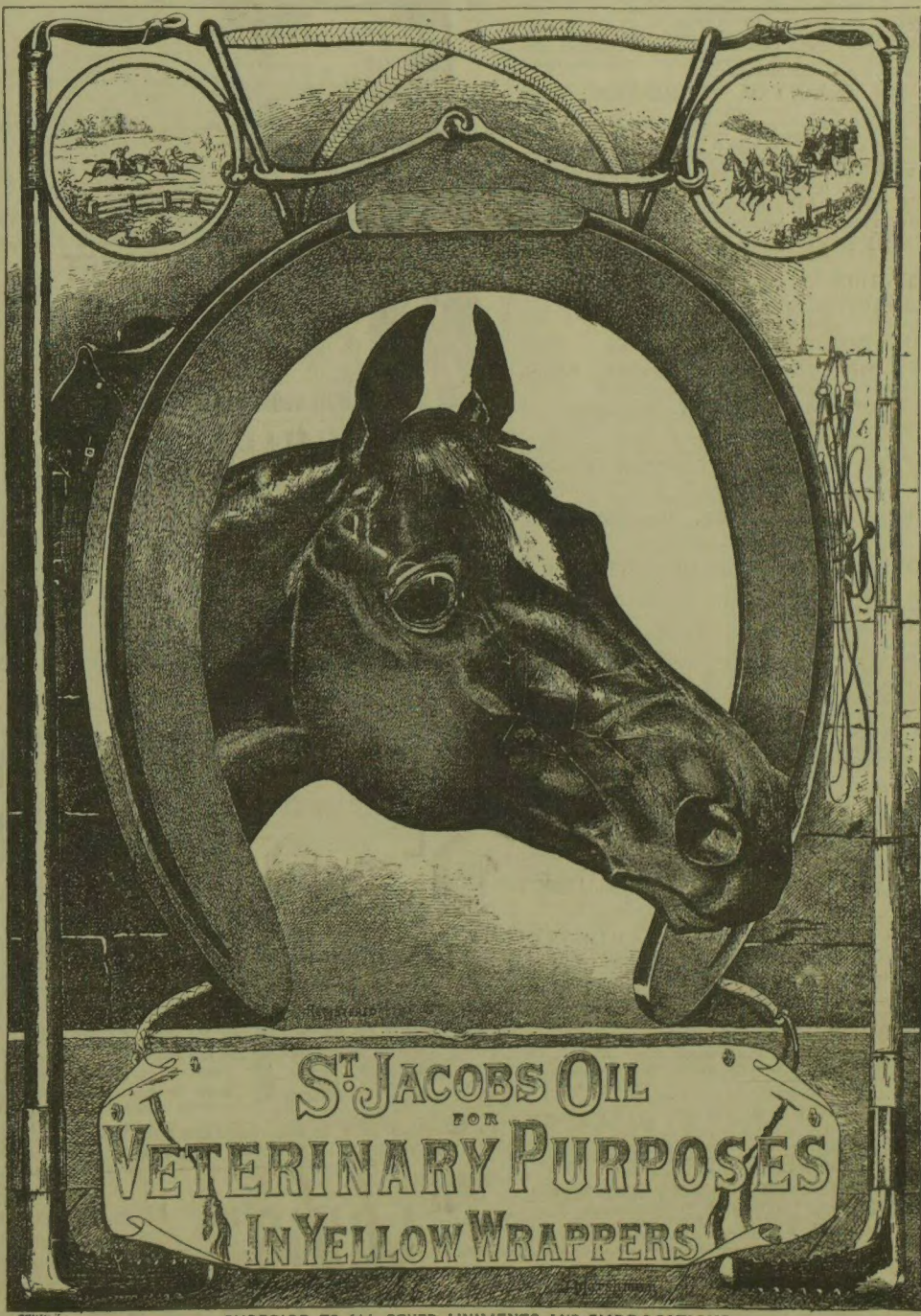
Mr. E. J. FEUSEY, Brixton Rise, London, was treated for sciatica by eminent medical gentlemen in private practice, and in the Convalescents' Home, Bexhill-on-the-Sea, near London. He obtained no relief, but the contents of one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil practically cured him.

Mr. THOMAS CHARLES PULLINGER, the well-known bicycle-rider, of 16, High-street, Lewisham, says:—"I have found St. Jacobs Oil has done my leg a power of good. I shall continue to recommend your valuable embrocation to my fellow cyclists, as I consider it a splendid article for rubbing down with while training."

Mr. G. SMITH (of Handsworth Friary Football Club, 18, Carlyle-road, Handsworth, Birmingham), says:—"Not long ago I received a severe sprain in my ankle, which wholly disabled me from walking. I used St. Jacobs Oil regularly for one week to the ankle, by which time the swelling and pain had wholly disappeared, and I was able to walk. I have, therefore, no hesitation in recommending your Oil to football-players, as well as all persons suffering from pain."

This journal concludes its article as follows:—"It is a source of the greatest satisfaction to us, in conducting these investigations, to be able to report a medicine which is so highly endorsed as the above-mentioned."

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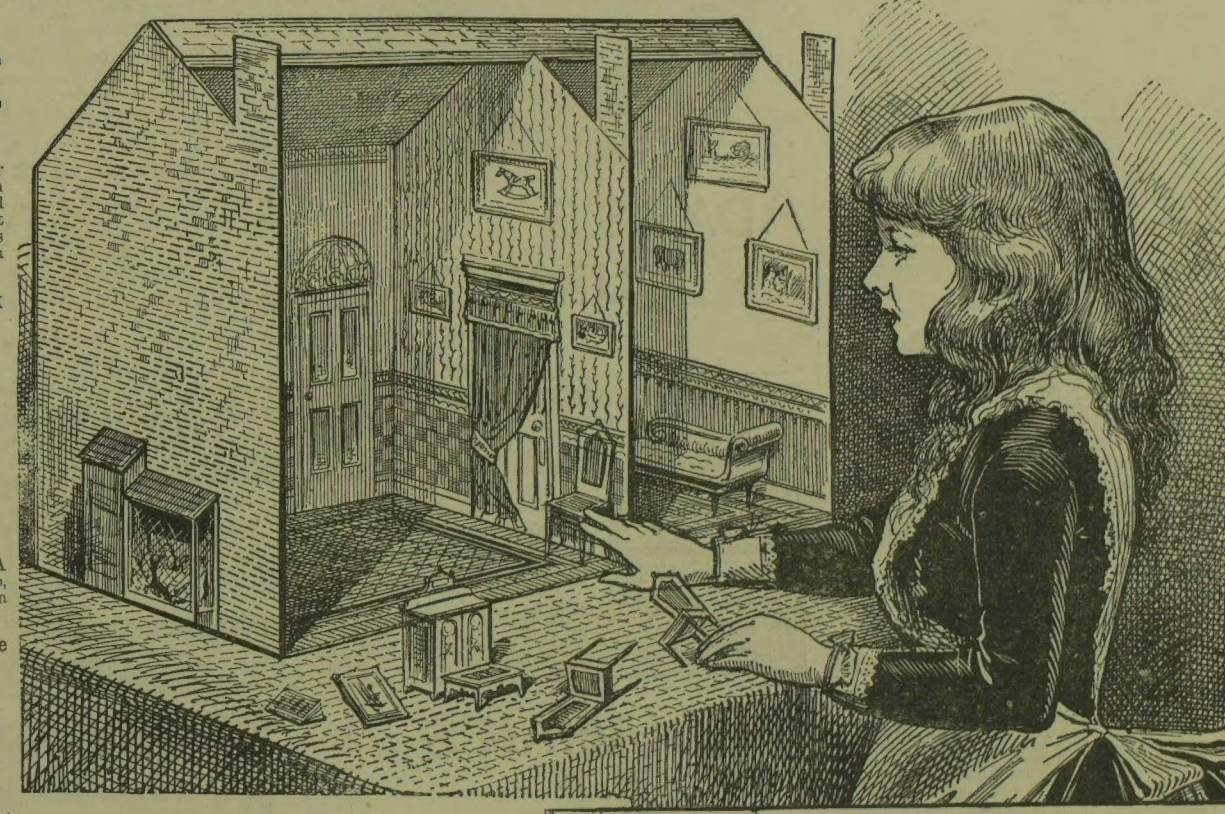
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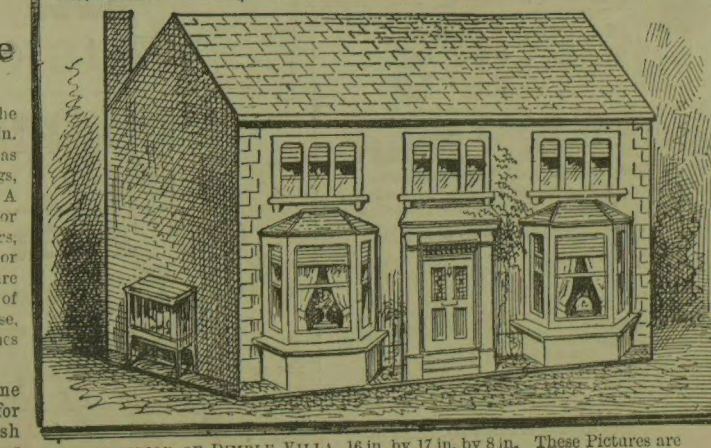
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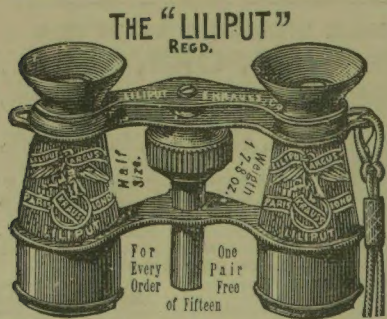
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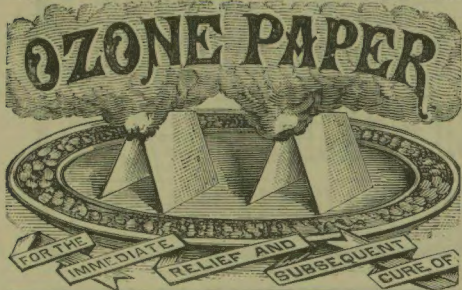
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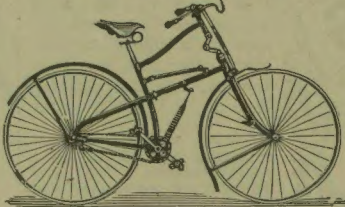
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